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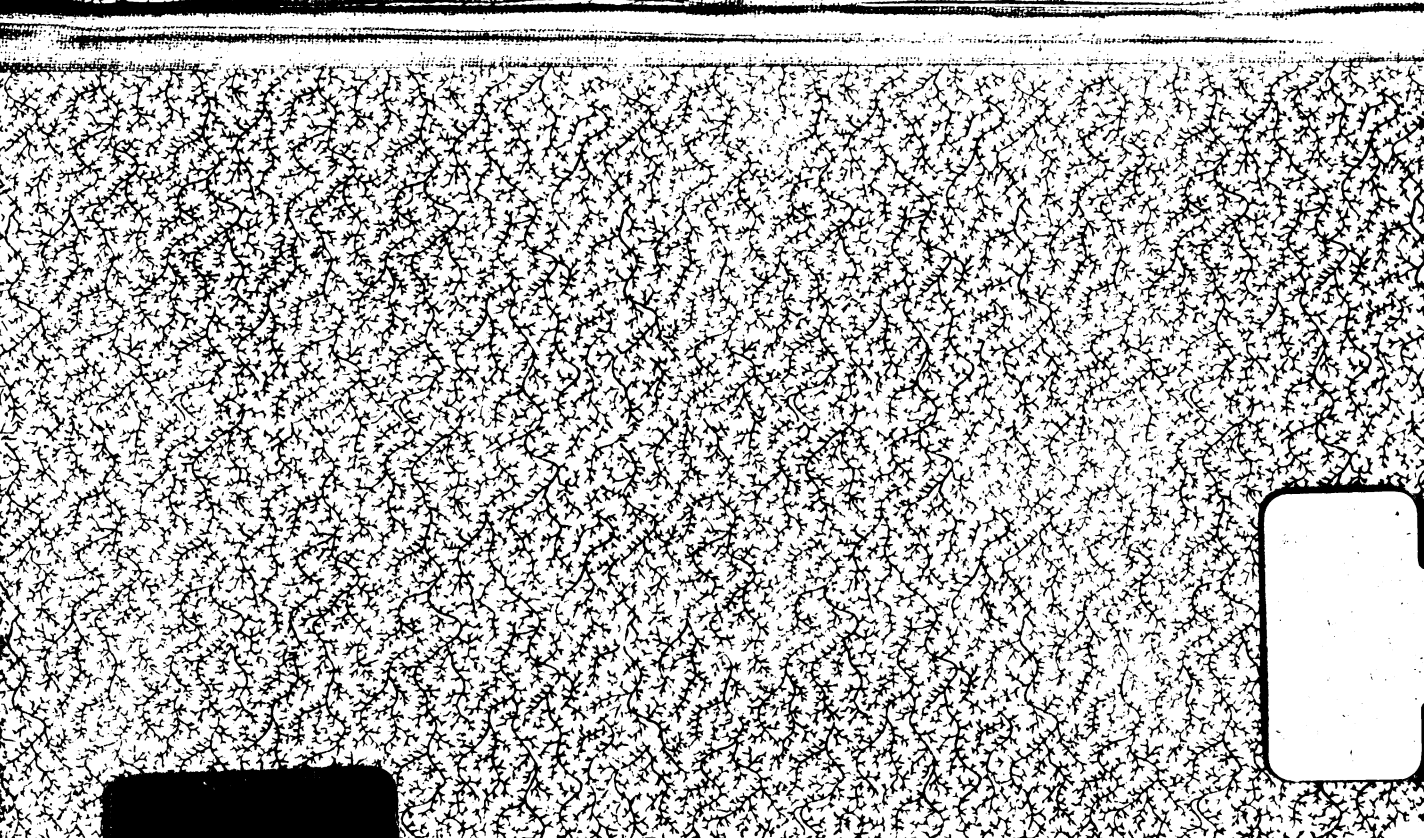

Entered
MAY

TROUT FISHING IN CONNEMARA.

(From "Sketches of Western Sport," in the *Sporting Magazine* for January.) *1842.*

We started on the following morning for the Costello river, of which we heard so much. It is about 11 Irish miles further in the "interior" than Spiddel, and the road to it being so bad, as already mentioned, we hired two Connemara ponies well accustomed to the alternation of rock and bog that we had to travel over; and more sure-footed beasts I never would wish to bestride than these wonderful little creatures. Bare and barren as the scene was along the road leading to Spiddel, it was in this part of our voyage of discovery much worse. It is impossible to conceive any prospect more wild and desolate than that now presented to our view; and were it not for the tall white crags of Arran, and the lofty mountains of Ballinahinch in the distance, we might look in vain for any object on which the eye might rest. To the sportsman, however, it does not look altogether so barren as to the mere tourist. There was something about the bare rocks, ferns, bogs, swamps, and even in the desolate and uninhabited appearance of the place itself, which spoke eloquently of its sporting resources; and, so far as this is concerned, no place can be superior.

After two hours' hard riding through the roads already described we arrived at our journey's end, and in sight of the "fabulosus Hydaspes," the object of all our piscatorial dreams. We were now fairly encamped on the bank of the Costello river, pronounced killed by a single rod in a single day.

We spent several of as pleasant days as ever fell to our lot on the banks of the Costello river. We generally devoted the morning to the chase, and never had the misfortune to come home empty. The hours between breakfast and dinner were spent equally as agreeable along the prolific stream, the wonderful accounts we had heard of which were not in the slightest degree exaggerated; and our evenings glided on in the most delightful manner with "mirth and laughter," and the exhaustless fund of sporting anecdotes of our gay veteran companion. The reader can well imagine that it was with no common feelings of regret that we took leave of this sporting Elysium when other avocations called us away, and not without a hope to return on a future occasion and renew our acquaintance with old friends and pleasant scenes; but, alas! Death's effacing finger has, since that period, left its traces there; and the halls that were then so merry are now empty and desolate:

> "The blast of the dessert comes; it howls in the empty court;"

but yet the blithesome voice and happy soul of my departed friend are as green in my memory as the sod that lies over his grave.

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AN ANGLER'S SONG.

BY JAMES HARVEY SLATE.

Brother anglers, arouse! gentle Spring sends her beam
To tinge the broad lake and the late frozen stream;
And awaken the tribes of the wave;
The beautiful trout and the salmon begin
To reward the keen sportsman, who follows the fin,
And who scorns to be Fashion's vain slave.
Let the huntsman aloud
Sing his chorus so proud,
And the shooter join with him in glee;
Brother anglers, our shout
Shall be, without doubt,
Who so gay and so happy as we?

Then look to your lines, and your rods, and your flies,
(For the way to be merry is first to be wise)
Replenish old Winter's decay;
And then seek the windings of streamlet and brook,
Or on glorious Windermere cast out your hook,
Made to seem like some fly of the day.
For there's health and delight
When the morning shines bright,
And we rise with the sweet-seeking bee;
While at night, if we find
Our baskets well lin'd,
Who so gay and so happy as we?

A friend may be pleasant, but even alone,
With all nature to gaze on, no joy can be known
More pure than the angler must feel;
While the river glides past him—an emblem of time
To eternity speeding—but thoughts so sublime
He forgets as he fills up his creel.
Then the trout and the grayling,
If sport be not failing,
With a salmon to heighten our glee,
Shall drive from us each sigh,
While we jovially cry—
Who so gay and so happy as we?

Then arouse, brother anglers! the Spring time is come;
Buckle on your accoutrements—river-ward roam,
Nor heed a slight storm or a shower;
Burn Murphy's delusions!—your almanack find
In the clouds—in the sun—in the mists—in the wind,
And thus make the most of each hour.
Good sport to us all,
In spring, summer, or fall,
E'en with winter's first days we'll make free;
And through the year long
We'll carol this song—
Who so gay and so happy as we?

Scotsman.

William Bilton

THE

ANGLER IN IRELAND:

OR

AN ENGLISHMAN'S RAMBLE

THROUGH

CONNAUGHT AND MUNSTER,

DURING THE SUMMER OF 1833.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE

ANGLER IN IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

Leave Ballybunnion — Tralee — Arrival at Killarney — First impressions of the Scenery — The Lower Lake — Islands — Ross Castle — Paddy Blake's Echo — Glenâ Cottage — The Middle, or Turk Lake — Mucruss — Turk Mountain — Dinis Island — Upper Lake — Arbutus — Cascades — Echoes.

HAVING retained my Tarbert car, I drove the next morning to Tralee, a distance of sixteen or seventeen miles: the first ten or twelve of which are over very bad road, and the immediate scenery is uninteresting: but I had

always fine views of the Dingle Mountains, and every now and then caught a distant glimpse of M'Gillicuddy's Reeks, the end of my pilgrimage. At Abbey Odorney is a rather picturesque ruin: here I came into the mail road, which thence becomes good, and soon reached Tralee, leaving a little to my right Ardfert's ancient town, with Ballyheigh Bay and Castle.

Tralee, the present capital of Kerry, is well situated at the foot of some lofty mountains, at about two miles from the sea, with which it has a good canal communication. It is rather a considerable town, belonging almost entirely to the Denny family: and I was glad to remark evident symptoms of improvement in numerous new houses and streets. I know not whether there be a better inn in this city; but I can at least warn my readers that the one to which I went, O'Sullivan's, is a very indifferent house.

It had been my original intention to proceed from Tralee to Dingle: but I was induced to postpone my visit to this latter place, by hear-

ing that there was to be a stag-hunt the next day at Killarney. The report proved afterwards to be unfounded: but I willingly caught at it to gratify my longing desire to see these famous lakes, without wasting any more time upon spots of inferior interest.

The distance from Tralee to Killarney is called twenty miles: I soon, however, discovered that they were English miles, which mine host had *forgotten* to specify, in making his bargain about the price of the car. Eleven Irish make fourteen English miles; which latter, unfortunately for the traveller, are getting very much into fashion in Ireland. The road and my horse being equally good, I performed the distance within three hours; first passing through an open and boggy plain, in which stands Castle Island, once the capital of the county; and next crossing the river Main, where, I was informed, good salmon-fishing may be had after a flood; but it is much poached.

My eyes and my thoughts, however, were exclusively directed towards the mountains, whose base, I knew, was laved by Killarney's Lakes; and especially to the serrated ridge of M'Gillicuddy's Reeks. As they gradually assumed more palpable and distinct forms, I confess I felt a feverish anxiety on thus rapidly approaching what I had always been taught to consider the perfection of British scenery. At length, about two miles from Killarney, I reached the summit of a hill, from which I obtained the first view of the Lower Lake and its surrounding mountains. I had scarcely time to take a glance at it: and was hurriedly striving to seize the various objects of beauty and interest that successively developed themselves, when I found I was already in the town, where I went, by previous recommendation, to Hegarty's, the Hibernian Hotel.

The Kenmare Arms is justly esteemed the head inn, and in some respects is the best: but, in point of civility, attention, and quietness, I

had every reason to be satisfied with Hegarty's during three weeks that I lodged there. Neither did I find the charges so immoderate as I had been led to expect: they are a little higher than the usual prices of the country, but not much so.

It being my intention to remain some time at Killarney, I was in no hurry to engage any of the guides or boatmen, who offered themselves by hundreds for my patronage. But, wishing first to form an unbiassed opinion of the general effects of the scenery, before examining it in detail, I strolled out, the morning after my arrival, quietly by myself, to the ruined old church of Aghadoe, which is perched on the top of a ridge about two or three miles to the north-west of the town.

This was, perhaps, the best point I could have chosen for the purpose I had in view. It commands the whole of the Lower Lake, with its numerous islands, and the hills that encircle it; the range of Mangerton, and the far moun-

tains to the eastward; and, to the westward, the noble ridges of the Reeks. The situation of the Middle Lake is distinctly seen; and the splendid Turk Mountain, which rises from its shores, is one of the most striking features of the landscape. The long channel which leads to the Upper Lake may also be traced, with the Eagle's Nest, and Crommiglaun, on either side guarding the pass; but the Upper Lake itself is too much embosomed in the mountains to be at all seen from this side. Aghadoe church, therefore, or rather a point about two hundred yards beyond it, is a most favourable position for obtaining a general idea of the scenery round Killarney. I remained there at least two or three hours, getting off by heart (if I may so say) all the beautiful features and proportions of the scene.

And greatly was I delighted. I must, however, own—and I now speak after a three weeks' familiarity with all its picturesque beauties—that the first impression on my mind, as on

that of almost all with whom I have conversed, somewhat partook of a feeling of disappointment. I *did then*, and *do*, acknowledge the varied scenery of the Lakes and immediate environs of Killarney, when taken altogether, to be perhaps the most beautiful of any which the British dominions can boast. And yet, heartily confessing this, and deeply feeling its real charms, the fame of Killarney is so surpassingly great, that I think each tourist has created in his mind an ideal Killarney, which perhaps can scarcely be realized in this world, and of which the actual Killarney certainly falls short.

After all, the scenery is most lovely—more lovely than almost any I have seen at home or abroad, on the same scale: and it were unreasonable to ask for more. At the same time, I did not arrive at this conclusion until after considerable deliberation and mental comparison of some of the most favoured spots among our own Lakes, and in Scotland:

whereas I had expected that such would be the transcendent superiority of the Irish Lake, that the eye and heart would at once acknowledge its incontestable supremacy.

Much of this primary disappointment arises, I am convinced, from the unfavourable circumstances under which these Lakes are first seen. There is only one good approach — that by the New Road to Kenmare; which is equal, or superior, in picturesque charms, to any similar length of road in the United Kingdom. But very few tourists ever see Killarney for the first time from this side.

Then, the town itself, instead of being seated on the banks of its Lake, from which each changing effect of light or shade, of calm or storm, might at every moment be enjoyed, is placed a mile and a half from the Lake, and in such a low position that not a glimpse of its blue waters can be obtained.

These, and a few other similar objections, may partly account for the disappointment

usually felt, if not always confessed, at the first sight of Killarney. But its beauties, both of general effect and of detail, are so really great, so varied, so endless, that each moment they win upon you more and more; until at last they weave a spell of enchantment round the affections and the taste, which it is difficult to break.

No description whatever can give an adequate conception of this scenery; still less am I likely to do so: and yet I suppose I must attempt a slight outline of its material and principal features.

Every one, I presume, knows that Killarney boasts three Lakes. These are connected together by not very long channels, and yet have all very different characters. The Lower Lake, which is much the largest, is, I should imagine, from twelve to fifteen miles in circuit. It is of a very irregular shape, and much indented with bays: while its broad bosom is besprent with numberless wooded islands and

islet rocks, that add infinitely to the exquisite loveliness of its scenery. The largest and fairest of these is called Innisfallen, where was formerly a celebrated abbey, of which even yet considerable remains exist.

Innisfallen is usually one of the first points to which strangers are taken: and well does it prepare them for the scenes of beauty that await them. It is a sweet spot, containing the most delicious walks and glades, as well as commanding splendid views of the surrounding landscape.

Many of the other islands, though inferior to this, are also beautiful, either from their form, or position, or foliage. Several of the smallest, in particular, have been worn into singular shapes, and have received appropriate names, which are usually connected with the great Hero of Killarney Legend, O'Donoghue: as, for instance, O'Donoghue's Horse, and Wife, and Table, &c.

What is called the *island* of Ross is rather

a peninsula, that juts out a long way into the Lake, and, under the direction of Lady Kenmare, has been judiciously planted, and intersected with numerous walks, affording most exquisite near and distant prospects. At the point where it joins the main land, stands an old and uninhabited castle; from whose smooth, gray walls a singular and very perfect echo is returned, well known by the name of "Paddy Blake's Echo;" and which usually gives the boatmen, as they embark or return, an opportunity to display their wit, to coax an extra allowance of whisky from their employer, to quiz their comrades, or praise their company.

For instance, "Paddy Blake, are you at home?"

Answer, "At home."

"Are you sober, or drunk?"

"Drunk."

"We've got a good gentleman on board."

"Good gentleman on board."

"He's the gentleman to give whisky to the men."

"Give whisky to the men."

"Your Honour hears what Paddy Blake says," slily remarks the most impudent of the crew.

Ross Castle is the usual point of embarkation, the boat-houses being close to it: it is a mile and a half from the town. The shore west of Ross Island is in general low, and often swampy: and, unless where embellished by a gentleman's place, devoid of beauty. This is the failing point of the Lower Lake; and the thought would often recur to my mind, "*quanto præstantius esset numen aquæ*"—how much more perfect would be the divinity of this Lake, if a few miles of the lovely borders of Winandermere could be substituted for the flat and uninteresting shore, that extends from Ross Castle nearly to the western termination of the Lake, backed only by the bare and monotonous ridge of Aghadoe.

But perhaps this unpretending portion gives additional effect to the nobler features of the landscape: and the eye reposes with the deeper delight on the heath-crowned summits of the Toomies, or the waving woods of Glenâ, or the delicious shores of Mucruss, from the contrasted tameness of the opposite bank.

The Toomies, which form the south-western shore of the Lake, are lofty and broad mountains; whose upper part is empurpled with heather, while their huge base is clothed with a deep belt of wood, through which the red deer still roams at freedom, save when startled by the echoes of John O'Connell's bugle.

Immediately upon the Toomies border Glenâ Mountain and Bay. I know of few things so perfectly exquisite, in British or Foreign scenery, as this lovely little Bay of Glenâ. The curve of its shore is modelled with most admirable symmetry: and immediately from the

water rises the mountain itself, clothed to its very summit with every variety of tree and shrub :

> overhead upgrows
> Insuperable height of loftiest shade.

With her usual taste, the fair and noble Lady of this Lake, Lady Kenmare, has placed a sweet little cottage in a nook of this Bay ; and, when not inhabiting her favourite retreat, permits any respectable party, not only to perambulate the grounds, but also to dine within its fairy precincts.

The entrances to the Middle and Upper Lakes pass very near to Lady Kenmare's cottage. The Middle, which is also called Turk Lake (from the noble mountain, which occupies one side, and constitutes its chief ornament) is divided from the Lower, by the long and narrow peninsula of Mucruss. This peninsula is entirely covered with luxuriant woods, whose waving verdure is ever most refreshing to the tourist, as he sails under its rocky shores. The extensive walks it contains are also most de-

lightful, and command very pleasing views of the Lake on either side.

Mucruss, as well as the whole of the Middle Lake, and much of the adjoining property, belongs to the Herberts, who have an ancient mansion on the demesne, but small and dilapidated. The present head of the family is a minor: when he comes of age, a residence more worthy of his property and the scenery will probably be built. Not far from the House is the fine old ruin of Mucruss Abbey; of which I shall hereafter have occasion to speak.

At the other end of Mucruss peninsula, a narrow channel, overarched by a lofty bridge, conducts into the Middle Lake. This beautiful sheet of water is nearly of an oval form, about two miles in length, by one mile in breadth.

Its northern shore is formed by the Mucruss demesne before mentioned; the limestone of whose low cliffs is worn into very fantastic cells and grottoes, still named after O'Do-

noghue. Opposite to it rises the superb Turk Mountain, which with its vast base fills the southern side of the Lake.

At the eastern end are the extensive plantations encircling the elegant cottage of Captain Herbert, uncle and guardian of the minor; while the western extremity is closed by Dinis Island; on which is a commodious cottage, where potatoes may be had, and provisions cooked. This is the most frequent rendezvous of parties on the Lakes: and seldom, on a fine day, did I pass, without seeing the little glade in front of the cottage occupied by several joyous parties, feasting, or dancing, or pitching the stone, under the green shade.

Upon Dinis Island are some remarkably fine arbutus trees: and at the back of it is a narrow, tortuous channel, presenting some charming, though confined scenery, which Sir W. Scott is said to have preferred to any thing he saw at Killarney. But that great man's visit

was unfortunately too hurried to admit of our considering this as the deliberate decision of his taste.

This Middle, or Turk Lake, is in general undervalued by rapid tourists. It may not at first be so striking as either of the others: but I am not sure whether its calm grandeur, and harmonious proportions, did not, at the last, please me as much as either the Upper or Lower Lakes. Turk Mountain is alone such a magnificent object! It is covered, from its foot to its lofty summit, with natural wood of every kind: and often, when contemplating its rich foliage playing in the changeful lights of an autumnal day, I felt doubtful whether or not to prefer it to the verdant heights of my favourite Glenâ.

From Dinis Island a confined passage of two or three miles conducts to the Upper Lake through some wild scenery. About midway, is the famous rock, called the Eagle's Nest: this is a remarkably bold cliff, a thousand feet

high, where eagles used formerly to build, and the position of the eyrie is even yet clearly visible. But, for some years, they have been driven to more inaccessible regions, by the continual robbery of their nest, and the firing of guns, to awaken the celebrated Echo.

Upon emerging from this long, rocky channel, the Upper Lake opens to the view with great grandeur. It is smaller than the other two; but, being entirely environed by lofty and savage mountains, has a most imposing effect upon the mind yet glowing with the recollection of the softer beauties of the Lower Lakes. The immediate banks of this secluded lough are usually bare, dark rocks; behind which rise on all sides very high and bold ranges of mountain. The upper end is finely closed by the Cwm Duive Mountains, which branch from the Reeks: these latter are also seen, but not to advantage.

Many islands are scattered over this lake, which are quite in unison with the character

of its scenery; and therefore add considerably to its effect. They are, in general, of small extent, but lofty, and steep: and are almost universally covered with the usual native trees and shrubs. I think it was upon one or two of these islets that I remarked some of the largest arbutus that I saw at Killarney. A stranger, who has been accustomed only to see the arbutus a petted shrub of the garden, is at first much struck by finding it grow everywhere wild on these Lakes, oftentimes, out of the naked rock, in whose fissures one would think it could not possibly find either soil or moisture.

Indeed, no lakes that I have seen can boast so much or so beautiful wood as these. The shores, the hills, the islands, are all furnished with as great a profusion of it as the lover of the picturesque would desire. And then, not only its abundance, but its infinite variety, is so remarkable! I know not how many different kinds of trees and shrubs may be seen within a few square feet. I have oftentimes noted

the artubus, the holly, the birch, the yew, the mountain ash, the oak, and the beech, all springing from the self-same rock, and blending their diversified foliage in most harmonious contrast. These being all acted upon, with different effect, by the light and the wind, an ever-changing, ever-pleasing aspect, is given to the landscape. Not a gleam of sunshine crosses the wooded sides of Turk, or Glenâ—not a breeze stirs their leafy honours—but a change seems to come over the wide-spread forest, awakening each moment fresh, and increasing charms before the gazer's raptured eye.

It must also be considered a peculiar excellence of the Killarney scenery, that each of the three Lakes should be marked by such very dissimilar characters. The Lower Lake is vast, elegant, beautiful; the Middle possesses an air of loveliness and majesty; while the Upper Lake is distinguished by a wild grandeur, which approaches as near to the sublime as scenery upon this scale can well do. This distinction

of character in scenes so close to each other is very remarkable; and of course increases the general effect by the mutual contrast.

Each Lake has also its own waterfall: that of Derricunnihy is close to the Upper Lake; Turk Cascade lies immediately behind Captain Herbert's house; while O'Sullivan's is buried deep within the woods of the Toomies: they are all three in picturesque sites, and therefore at all times worth visiting; but after rain they form also respectable waterfalls.

Nor, amongst the curiosities of Killarney, must I omit to mention the extraordinary echoes which its rocks and mountains send forth. These rocks and glens, indeed, seem Echo's favourite home, who, from a thousand thrones, answers her votaries, whether interrogated in the cannon's thundering voice, or evoked by the soft sounds of the bugle.

There are some spots, as near Glenâ, and on the passage from the Upper Lake, where the effect produced by a gun, on a calm day, is in-

conceivably grand. The patteraro is fired—and instantly a crash ensues from all sides, that seems to split the ears; then follows a long-continued roll, exactly like thunder, rumbling and roaring through all the neighbouring mountain ranges. This gradually dies away in the distance; when, after all seems over, a remote but very distinct echo comes across the still air, apparently from Mangerton.

The most favourable position for music is perhaps the usual one, opposite the Eagle's Nest. The echo, being near, returns almost immediately, and keeps up a sort of running second with the bugle. Or, if a single note or two, instead of a continuous piece of music, be played, the sounds return upon the ear, from the several hills and dells, with a diminished power, but an increased sweetness, that requires no violent poetic enthusiasm to imagine must have an unearthly source. While listening to these etherial sounds, it is impossible not to recal to mind Moore's exquisite stanzas

on this subject, which are as happily descriptive of the character of this music, as they are eminently harmonious in their numbers:—

"He listened, while high o'er the eagle's rude nest
The lingering sounds on their way loved to rest;
And the echoes sang back, from the full mountain choir,
As if loath to let song so enchanting expire.

It seemed as if every sweet note that died here
Was again brought to life in some airier sphere;
Some heaven in those hills, where the soul of the strain,
That had ceased upon earth, was awaking again!"

CHAPTER II.

Rapid Tourists — Angling in the Lakes — Decrease in the size of Salmon — Remarks on their Natural History — Public and Private Boats — Gap of Dunloe — Killarney Recipe for cooking Salmon — Ascent of Mangerton — Eagles — Lough Kittane.

THE other usual excursions in the neighbourhood of Killarney are, the Gap of Dunloe, the Ascent of Mangerton, and, for those who have sufficient time and resolution, the more difficult but infinitely finer ascent of Carrân Tual, the loftiest point, not only of the Reeks, but, I believe, of all Ireland. There are also numberless minor objects of interest and beauty, which will agreeably occupy many a vacant morning; besides which, the Lakes

themselves, to be properly appreciated, ought to be frequently seen, and closely explored.

Yet a very few days are all that the generality of visiters devote to the inspection or enjoyment of scenery they have come so far to view. The object of most, in truth, seems to be, to "kill a lion" in the shortest possible time; and they go through the appointed routine with admirable perseverance, be the weather favourable or not. One day they ascend Mangerton; another they devote to the Lower Lake, Mucruss Abbey, &c.; and the last they scamper to the Gap of Dunloe, returning by the Upper Lake.

In this way they may certainly be said to have seen the principal scenery of Killarney, which appears their great end and aim in coming there. But, independently of the very fleeting impression that must be produced by so rapid a survey, such tourists lose all the beautiful effects that result from the ever-changing play of tints and lights, so

especially various and lovely in this fickle climate.

As I really wished to see the Lakes of Killarney, and not merely to be able to say I had done so, I remained there above three weeks, and would have lingered longer, had the waning season permitted. The weather was remarkably fine for the greater part of the time: and, as I was most days on the Lake, unless when making some other excursion, I consider that I saw the scenery advantageously and completely.

I was occasionally on the water at early morn; but much oftener after sunset; and not seldom beneath the moon's mild radiance. On these occasions I was never without my fishing-rod; and though I have in many other places had better sport, I have rarely enjoyed the amusement of angling so much as on the Lakes of Killarney.

The exquisite loveliness of the panorama around me greatly enhanced the triumph of

success, as it cheered the ennui of disappointment, while, instead of distracting my attention from the charms of nature, my diversion rather relieved the monotony of continually gazing on the same scene; and, by occupying me on the waters, gave me every opportunity of observing those accidents of cloud and sunshine, calm and storm, which add so much to the effect of every extensive landscape, making it ever appear another, though still the same.

From the concurrent testimony of all the old fishermen, there was formerly most superior salmon-fishing at Killarney; but the erection of stake-nets and the constant hauling on the river Laun have very much injured it. Still, a considerable number of salmon come up in the winter and spring floods, many of which remain during the summer; and at other seasons, whenever the water is high enough for them to pass, there is sure to be a fresh supply. But they are no longer caught of

that immense size which they are said to have been thirty or forty years ago.

Wherever the angler goes, he is sure to hear these same complaints of the diminished size of the salmon of the present day. Every fisherman he meets will tell him of the enormous monsters which he or his father killed in former times. Great allowances must doubtless be made for the exaggerated medium through which Age ever contemplates the deeds of its youth. The old man has always, since the days of Nestor, been a "*Laudator temporis acti, se puero.*"

But, independently of this natural tendency to look back upon every thing connected with the days of our prime, as intrinsically superior to present objects, I think there is sufficient ground for believing that the salmon formerly, if not more numerous, were at least, in all probability, larger than now. Until within late years, the market for this delicate fish was confined to a circle of a few miles round the

place where they were caught, and they were therefore of comparatively little value. But, latterly, from the improvement in the means of conveyance, and especially since the invention of steam, it has been found practicable and profitable to send salmon from the extreme North of Scotland, and from the furthest West of Ireland, to Glasgow, Liverpool, and London.

The respective fisheries have consequently become infinitely more valuable, and their lessees much more attentive, as well to the protection of the spawning fish as to the capture of those which enter the rivers before the fence months.

The rivers are incomparably better protected during the breeding season than formerly; and, such is the extraordinary fecundity of this department of the animal kingdom, that a few fish, if suffered to spawn in safety, will suffice to stock a stream. But, then, if this increased care, during the period when the salmon are the most exposed to the ruthless attacks of the

rustic poacher, insure an increased number of young fish; on the other hand, the improved methods which the prospect of gain has taught the legal fisherman to use prevent their reaching any great age.

In every river where there are stake-nets or salmon-boxes, it is almost impossible for the fish to escape for many successive seasons: few, therefore, attain their natural size. At the same time, those that do pass, either in the fence months or in very high floods, being much better protected than formerly, while they are rendered helpless and worthless by the process of spawning; the numbers, on the whole, are not diminished, although the size of the individual fish is much inferior to what is recorded of the aged Leviathans of old, which for many succeeding years had been permitted to frequent their native stream.

Almost every stream or lake in Ireland, that I have seen or heard of, contains more or less brown trout. These vary very much in size

and in appearance, some being short and thick, with small heads, and hog-like backs, as, for instance, those of Westmeath Lakes, and others distinguished by huge heads, and long, lanky bodies, as the "gubbahawns" of many of the Cunnemarra Loughs.

But the fish, which perhaps afford the most sport, are the white or sea trout — the salmo trutta — and which are found in most rivers and lakes that communicate by any considerable stream with the sea. These are, in their habits, very similar to the salmon; mounting, like them, into the fresh water, to spawn; after which they return, also like them, into the salt water.

The periods of the arrival and departure of the salmon differ much in different rivers. A few, and they are usually the finest fish, run up during the spring; but the great body of them commonly make their appearance about the mouths of their native streams, in the beginning of June, and thenceforward continue to

ascend towards their favourite spawning beds until the winter.

The *second cause* employed to drive them from the salt water is a parasitic insect, called the *lernæa salmonea*, which adheres to their scales, and appears to cause an intolerable irritation. This species of louse dies soon after the salmon have been two or three days in fresh water, of which they seem to have an instinctive foreknowledge, and express a delight at being about to get rid of their tormentors, by the most joyous bounds and leaps, when first they feel the refreshing stream. While in the sea they grow very fast, but are believed not to feed at all in fresh water, and appear not to increase in weight there.

About September they become dark in their colour, thick in their skin, and flaccid in their flesh, soon after which they spawn. The season of their thus losing their condition, however, varies much in different rivers. For instance, in Caithness and Sutherland the fish

are quite black by the beginning of August; whereas, in the Tweed they continue in season until past the middle of September. Upon recovering from this state, so evidently intended to guard them against molestation during the necessary process of spawning, they take advantage of the spring floods to return to the ocean, and are almost immediately followed by the young fry, at this time no bigger than sprats, but which, in two or three months' time, return to the same rivers, weighing from three to seven pounds.

The history of the salmo trutta, or sea-trout, is precisely similar, only they seldom reach more than seven pounds in weight, and in many rivers are never caught of half that size. They also usually enter streams, in which there is much less water than is sufficient to induce salmon to run up, and at once rush towards the head of the river, or lake, much higher than the salmo salar. Wherever they are found, they afford the best possible sport to

the angler, being very bold in rising at the fly, and remarkably strong and lively on the hook.

But to return from this long digression. There are few or no white trout in the Lakes of Killarney, but great quantities of brown trout, generally small, though occasionally of good size. There are also, fortunately, no pike.

Upon asking for the best fisherman, I was universally referred to one James Doherty; and, finding that he had a convenient small boat of his own, I engaged it and its master, most days during my stay, in preference to one of Lord Kenmare's boats. I had every reason to be satisfied with him and his crew. They were invariably civil, ready and anxious to do any thing and every thing that I wished; and, what is no slight recommendation at Killarney, I had not to complain of a single instance of drunkenness.

Doherty is an extremely good fisherman, and a sensible, intelligent man. He is perfectly acquainted with his lake, which is of the

utmost consequence; as without his knowledge one might fish the whole day without once casting the fly in any spot where a salmon ever lies. It is only in certain places where the depth of the water is from five to twelve feet that the angler has the least chance of rising a fish. These spots are often over isolated rocks, in the very middle of the Lake, which could never be guessed by one unacquainted with the place, but which Doherty knows to an inch by certain landmarks. These are what he calls courses, and are the only parts of the Lake that there is the slightest use in trying.

The summer had been so uncommonly dry that the water was lower than had been remembered for many years, and the salmon were consequently driven off some of their usual courses. This was much against our sport. I have had ten or twelve rise at my fly, but never succeeded in killing more than two in any one day, although it was seldom I did not

take at least a single fish. They were small, the largest that I killed weighing only seven pounds and a quarter; but we certainly saw some much larger. Having been long in the fresh water, they had all a dark, reddish appearance, and their flesh was softer and less flavoured than of those fresh from the sea. Many of them, however, played with great strength and vigour, and the whirlpool they made in the water, when dashing at the fly, was very fine—enough to cause the heart of the young tyro to jump to his mouth.

Doherty used invariably plain flies, of a smallish size, with dark turkey wings, and brown olive bodies, ribbed with narrow gold twist. I in general preferred my own more gaudy Limerick flies; and it was difficult to say which on the whole were the most successful; sometimes his proving the most killing, and, at others, mine. I am, however, perfectly convinced that flies somewhat handsomer than his, and with a richer mixed wing, but not so

gaudy as mine, would succeed much better than either.

The greater part of the boats belong to Lord Kenmare, who established them in order to put a stop to the system of extortion formerly practised on visiters. Their prices are regularly fixed; and are, I think, seven shillings for two oars, eight shillings and sixpence for three oars, and ten shillings for four oars; besides which there is *always* a coxswain, or guide, for whom two shillings more are paid; and *generally* a bugler, who expects at least five shillings. By far the best of the buglers is Spillane; he is, moreover, a very respectable, intelligent, and well-conducted man.

In addition to this first cost it is always expected that dinner and whisky should be provided for the crew. The former is charged at the inns one shilling a head; the latter is *ad libitum* of the employer, but cannot be reckoned at much less than half a bottle for each, on a long day's expedition. The boating excur-

sions at Killarney are therefore expensive pleasures, unless you are with a large party.

Most of the boatmen are, I fear, a sad drunken set. While out with their company they get a great deal to drink; and, making double the common wages of the country, too often spend most of their money in whisky at night. They have, consequently, as might be expected, an habitually muzzy, half tipsy, half drowsy, look and manner. I must, however, add, that I scarcely heard of a single instance of their impertinence or incivility, although they have not unfrequently most extraordinary characters to deal with.

One of the first fine days after my arrival, I resolved to explore the celebrated mountain-pass, called the Gap of Dunloe, for which purpose I took a car to its entrance, and thence walked leisurely through the Pass to the head of the Upper Lake, where Doherty's boat was to meet me.

The first part of the road lay along the

northern shore of the Lower Lake, passing by Lord Kenmare's Western Demesne, Lord Headley's House, and Mr. John O'Connell's, of Grena. I then crossed the river Laun, about half a mile below its exit from the Lake, and immediately saw before me Dunloe's dark Gap, which opes its mountain jaws in a very imposing manner, as viewed from this point.

The Gap of Dunloe is a deep chasm between the eastern termination of the Reeks and the range of the Toomies, looking as if the mountains had been there rent asunder. It is about two or three miles in length, and is undoubtedly a very magnificent gorge; the rocks which enclose it are extremely lofty and rugged, sometimes descending perpendicularly, and at others with a bold and beautiful sweep, into the very depth of the valley. The ascent from the northern side is by a series of *stages*, if I may so call them, which form a succession of wild, secluded glens, each with its own dark little lake in its bosom. But, though similar in this

respect, they all present very different and characteristic scenery, whose details and general effect equally arrest the attention. I saw the Gap of Dunloe in weather that I should imagine to be the best suited to its peculiar character. The morning had been gloriously fine; but, by the time I got deeply entangled in these rocky solitudes, the Western Ocean had sent up mists, which wreathed round the mountain-tops, and occasionally descended in semblance of a waving veil far down their sides, without ever long concealing them.

From the point where I left the car, I was at first pestered with guides, both young and old, but, pertinaciously refusing their services, was at length permitted to pursue my own path in peace; when, leaving the beaten track, I rambled as I listed along either mountain's side, wherever a finer view or more beauteous flower was likely to reward my toil. A botanist, I am sure, would have discovered many rare plants; whereas, I only looked for the

beautiful; among which the heaths pre-eminently excited my admiration, and particularly the white varieties of the three usual kinds, of all which I gathered numerous and elegant specimens.

In the uppermost valley, as wild a spot as an anchorite could desire, stands a small lone cabin. The Mother retails what she calls "poteen," but which is nothing more than the usual solution of vitriolic acid; and the children offer what they call "Kerry diamonds," but which are nothing better than common quartz crystals. On reaching the summit of the last ascent from this savage glen, the view down through the dark chasm of the Gap I had just traversed, upon the richly cultivated plains beyond, was striking in the extreme, and leaves the mind with a most favourable impression of its romantic scenery. It is certainly one of the finest mountain passes I know on the same scale; but it has not the magnificence or the majesty of Glencoe.

Upon descending towards the Upper Lake, I again left the regular road, and scrambled along the heights to my left; for which I was rewarded by splendid views of the Cwm Duive, or Black Valley, with its girdle of stern mountains, and its glittering lakes; as well as of the whole Upper Lake of Killarney. I had dwelt so long upon the various objects of interest my walk had afforded, that, although the distance was scarcely four miles, it had taken me more than five hours to accomplish; and my boatmen were beginning to be alarmed for my safety. They were waiting for me at the head of the Lake, near a very pretty place, usually named after its late possessor, Lord Brandon, but now belonging to Mr. Hutchinson.

I just looked into the gardens, and then embarked in company with another boat, on board of which was one of the best buglers next to Spillane, young Gandsey. I had privately succeeded in persuading him to treat us with some extra music on our passage down the

Lake; and the afternoon being propitiously calm, I was greatly charmed with its effect. This is infinitely preferable to having the bugle in your own boat; as the notes come to the ear much sweeter across the water, being mellowed by the distance.

I have already described the general appearance of the Upper Lake; and will, therefore, only say that I enjoyed its scenery with increased relish, from having been all the morning buried in the deep and dark glens of the Gap. But still, beautiful as it is, and must be at all times, the tourist who wishes to see it to the greatest advantage ought to ascend it from the Lower Lake, as then the eye is continually directed to the grandest features of the landscape.

I stopped to dine at Dinis Island: and, having purposely brought a salmon which I had caught the day before, got it cooked after the most approved Killarney fashion, on "Arrabutus Skivers;" which, being Englished, means

skewers made of the arbutus. This is a process not described by Dr. Kitchener; but which deserved being known by that *great man*. The salmon (after being caught, as Mrs. Glasse would wisely premise,) is cut into slices, which are split, and a strong skewer of arbutus run through each as close to the skin as possible. These skewers are then stuck upright in a sod of turf, before a clear wood fire: they are constantly turned, and basted with salt and water. The fish, when sufficiently roasted, is served up on the skewers, which are supposed to communicate a peculiarly aromatic flavour. Whether from fancy, or not, I must say that each time I have tasted salmon cooked in this manner I have thought it decidedly better than any other.

The evening was most lovely: and, long before I landed beneath the aged walls of Ross Castle, the moon rode high in the blue heavens, beautifying with her silver light the gray

battlements, the waving woods, and the rippling water of the Lake.

Not many days after this excursion, I took my boat, as usual, and fished up Mucruss shore, without much success: I then entered the Middle Lake, and, rowing up to its head, landed close to Captain Herbert's cottage. The morning had been somewhat doubtful: but, it having now cleared up most promisingly, I and a gentleman who accompanied me determined to embrace the opportunity to ascend Mangerton. Accordingly, taking one of the boatmen as a guide, and leaving the others to fish, we commenced the ascent by way of Turk Cascade. This is not the side from which Mangerton is usually scaled; but it is so easy an operation from any side, that it signifies little which road is taken.

Turk Cascade is scarcely half a mile from Captain Herbert's pretty cottage; and is situated in a picturesque glen, whose rocks are clothed with larch and very fine heather. The

water, in consequence of the drought, was scanty; but the valley itself sufficiently recompensed us for the trifling *détour* we made to view it. From the waterfall we ascended into the old Kenmare road, which we followed for a short time; and then turned directly up the side of the mountain by a rocky path, which bears the name of Lady Jersey, from that distinguished lady having once ridden up it while sojourning in these wild scenes.

After proceeding about three quarters of an hour in this direction, we suddenly came upon the romantic chasm, lying immediately beneath the real summit which contains the Lake called "The Devil's Punchbowl." This is a scene of great wildness, though scarcely meriting the character of sublimity in which some former travellers have painted it. From underneath the bold precipices that overhang its southern side issues a remarkably cold and pure spring, of which, properly *diluted* with whisky, we drank *quantum suff.*

A large party was lunching under the rocks on the opposite shore of the Lake, surrounded, of course, by hundreds of beggars, who no sooner saw us than a detachment of them ran across, offering us whisky and milk in neat little wooden vessels. The former they christened "mountain dew;" but it was safe from any exciseman, being true "Parliament:" and the latter they were 'cute enough to call "goat's milk;" but when asked where they got it, they ingeniously confessed, "from our own *cows*, your Honour! And sure, isn't cows' milk better than all the goat's milk in the world, your Honour; and far wholesomer too, your Honour!"

The number of these beggars who annoy the tourist, all the way up and down Mangerton, really detracts very much from the enjoyment of the scenery. The only thing I can say is, that, for their numbers, they are as little troublesome as can be expected, and very thankful for a trifle.

From the Devil's Punchbowl we immediately commenced the last ascent, which is neither steep nor difficult. The summit of Mangerton is a huge, rounded, grassy ridge, with very precipitous cliffs on the side of the Punchbowl and the Horse's Glen; but on all other sides sloping gently down into the surrounding valleys. How it could ever have been considered the highest mountain in Ireland I cannot conceive, for, both from the plain and from its summit, it is evidently commanded by M'Gillicuddy's Reeks, whose loftiest point is in fact eight hundred feet higher than Mangerton. However, though inferior in height, its position gives it an advantage over many more elevated rivals, and the prospects enjoyed from it on a fine day are excessively captivating.

It would be very unsatisfactory to give a meagre detail of all the objects seen from this point, which comprise the whole environs of Killarney, with the exception of the Upper

Lake, which is hidden by Turk Mountain. And yet I fear I can do little more.

To the south, appear Kenmare town, river, and bay; with the noble chain of mountains between it and Bantry Bay. To the west rise the Reeks, and some of the Iveragh Mountains; while, further to the north, in the same direction, stretches the long and wide Dingle Bay, backed by lofty and rocky ranges. Killarney itself is distinctly seen; and beyond it lies a vast expanse of the fertile plain, which extends to Tralee and Limerick. Scattered over this extensive scene were a thousand mountain lakes or tarns; of which only Lough Kittane seemed of considerable size; and, immediately beneath the point where we stood, yawned the chasms of the Punch Bowl and the Horse's Glen, each with their lone sheet of water in their lowest depths. The panorama thus commanded from the top of Mangerton must certainly be considered very beautiful by any one, and to a person unaccustomed to mountain

scenery may be in a high degree striking and imposing.

Its interest was increased to us this day by watching the flight of a pair of eagles. Considering how much this mountain is frequented during the summer by parties of pleasure, we were much astonished as well as delighted at seeing two of these majestic birds rise from the ground, within a couple of hundred yards. For a long time they continued circling round us, with that calmness and majesty which always distinguishes this acknowledged sovereign of the feathered creation. Disturb him how or when you will, the eagle never betrays any symptom of fear; but slowly leaves the spot invaded by man, rising and rising above you, without any perceptible movement of his outstretched pinions.

I have often watched "the way of the eagle in the air" for a considerable time together; and never could perceive him once flap his wings to his side. His movements seem to be

entirely governed by the inclination of his huge wings and tail to the wind; in the same way as a ship is propelled by the action of the breeze upon its sails.

We descended by the Cwm a Coppul, or Glen of the Horse, a very deep chasm, enclosed on all sides by very savage and precipitous rocks. I only saw it from above; but it was evident that, to appreciate its "beautiful horrors," it should be viewed from below. In its very wildest spot is a curious cabin, or rather *chalet*, for it is only inhabited during the summer months. It is formed by a simple roof inclined against an enormous boulder of fallen rock; and is tenanted by as singular an inhabitant, the only occupant of the solitary Glen, who tends a few cows in this rocky pasture.

We descended by the common road to Cloghereen, in company with a large party, from whom we separated at the foot of the mountain; and, turning to our left, through Captain Herbert's plantations, rejoined our boat. Do-

herty and his son had, during our absence, caught a tolerable number of fair-sized trout; the largest weighing nearly a pound. Turk Lake is considered the best for trout-fishing; and, on any tolerable day, three or four dozen may be easily killed here. But, I must confess that, wherever I can have salmon-fishing, I take little pleasure in slaying these minor denizens of the deep.

I was however induced, by the accounts of the size and quality of its trout, to drive over one morning to Lough Kittane, about four miles from Killarney. The large fish here, as everywhere else, will only take the troll; and therefore our first object was to catch some small trout for bait; which we at last did, by the assistance of a sharp young lad, named Cournayne. I never saw so adroit a youth at catching small fry.

We had been trying in vain for half an hour before he came; when in a moment he dammed up the streamlet that issued from the lake,

ran the poor little trout into the shallows, and, if they got into the weeds, pounced on them with his hands, or, if under a flat stone, "let drive at it with a lump of a two-year old," and generally succeeded in so stunning them, that he easily picked them up. The poor little devils had no chance with him "at all, at all."

Our baits, however, proved of little service: for the day turned out misty, and rainy, and cold; and we had no success worth mentioning. I caught a few tolerable trout with the fly; but we had only one run at the troll, although we twice circumnavigated the whole Lake. At the same time, I am satisfied that there are very large trout in Lough Kittane; which will on certain days take the bait well.

Exactly in the centre of this Lake is a single island, which has a curious effect; but the scenery at its head seemed very wild and romantic: and, I feel convinced that Glen Kippock, as it is called, must be well worth exploring.

We had just given up fishing, and were

leaving the Lake, when we observed young Cournayne running after us, with a large fish in his hands, still alive. This turned out to be a perch, of about three pounds in weight: and, singular to say, the only one of that species ever known to be in the Lake. Cournayne himself did not know what it was. His account of the mode of capture was, that, just as he was mooring the boat, he saw something splashing in the weeds by the bank; and, approaching quietly, hit it as hard as he could with an oar, and then, instantly dashing into the water, secured the fish with his hands. This feat completed our idea of Cournayne's sharpness and adroitness.

CHAPTER III.

Ascent of Carrân Tual—View from the Summit—Irish Story connected with that Mountain—Beggars and Tourists—Old Gandsey, the Piper—The Church—Excursion to Mucruss.

THE only other excursion in this neighbourhood, that I think it at all worth while to record, is one that I made to Carrân Tual. Carrân, in Irish, signifies both a jaw-bone and a reaping hook; and Tual signifies inverted, or turned upside down: either sense being, of course, allusive, and by no means inappropriately, to the form of its summit. It is the highest point, not only of M'Gillicuddy's Reeks, but of Irish ground;* and having been

* Having been favoured with an extract from the great Ordnance Survey, I can now state with confidence the height of Carrân Tual to be 3394 feet above the sea at low water, in spring tides; and that it is decided to be the highest point in all Ireland.

on the highest Scotch, English, and Welsh ground, I had long been anxious to complete my catalogue of altitudes, by accomplishing this ascent; but had more than once been obliged to put it off, as it is useless to make the attempt except in the finest and clearest weather.

At length, on Monday, August 26th, the morning was so temptingly beautiful, that I determined to avail myself of it, although unfortunately unable to persuade any companion to join me. I took a car as far as Mr. Blennerhasset's Lodge, nine miles from Killarney; and there sent it back, intending to descend by the other side of the Reeks to the head of the Upper Lake, where Doherty's boat was to meet me. Near the Gap of Dunloe, I took up one Cornelius Moriarty, who had been recommended to me as by far the best guide for Carrân Tual: he was a stout, honest, well-meaning fellow, very civil, and very obliging, and seemed to possess a tolerable

knowledge of the mountain and surrounding country.

After leaving the car, we entered a long and wide valley, with the ridge of the Reeks to our left, and Carrân Tual at its further extremity before us. Up this glen we trudged for an hour and a half, the vale gradually becoming narrower and wilder. At its upper termination I was much astonished to find an inhabited cabin, surrounded by a patch of potatoes and oats, that can but seldom ripen properly in this bleak solitude, the very verge of human existence. We soon after came upon two lakes; at which point we left the usual and easier path, and turned to the right, through what is called "the Hag's Glen." It is much the longest, and most difficult, but is as decidedly the grandest passage.

The ascent now became really severe, and the scenery peculiarly savage and magnificent. We crept along the brow of some very lofty precipices, which perpendicularly overhang one

of the Lakes, and soon after came in full view of a most singular pyramid of rock, called the Hag's Tooth. Passing close under it, we next made our laborious way, first into one very confined valley of rocks, and then into a second, of rapidly increasing wildness. The character of this scenery was something in the style of the Glen of the Horse, but infinitely superior to it in grandeur and sublimity: indeed, a sterner or more desolate scene can scarcely be imagined by one who has not seen Loch Corriskin, in the Isle of Skye.

High above us, to our left, towered Carrân Tual's mountain throne, upreared on huge ledges of precipitous rock, the undisturbed and undisturbable abode of the eagle, who continued soaring far above our heads, as long as we remained within the precincts of his domain.

We were now so completely enclosed within precipices, impracticable even to a chamois hunter, that further advance seemed not possible; but, by climbing through a steep and

strait gorge, we gained the other side of the mountain, from which a much easier ascent conducted us to the top.

Panting with fatigue and curiosity, I stood at length upon the lofty summit, from which I was to look down upon all Ireland; and I could see—"just nothing at all, at all!" The mists, that had frequently during the morning caused me some anxious forebodings, now so entirely enveloped the mountain-top, that for a few minutes nothing whatever was visible. It was a grievous disappointment; but, while vainly striving to pierce the palpable obscure, in an instant the wind scattered the light clouds before it, and the glorious prospect suddenly broke upon me, as by magic, with an effect utterly indescribable.

I remained above an hour on the summit, and believe that I saw every object which, under ordinary circumstances, is ever visible from it; but I never was able to command the whole panorama at the same moment. While

one portion of the landscape was basking in brilliant sunshine, another part was sure to be hidden in fog; which circumstance, however, far from diminishing, greatly increased, the general effect.

I could distinctly trace the line of the Shannon, from its mouth nearly to Limerick, with a large portion of the County Clare beyond it. The broad and rich plain extending from that river up to Killarney was always clear; and most beautifully did its luxuriant corn-fields, now "white to harvest," contrast with the sterile mountains around me. Then Dingle Bay, with its cape, the most western point of Europe—and Kenmare Bay, with the tumultuous assemblage of the Iveragh Mountains between them—and Bantry Bay, with its lofty and bold coast—and, beyond all these, a boundless expanse of ocean, dotted with several picturesque islands, and bearing here and there a white sail on its dark green bosom.

These were the principal distant objects to

the westward. But a vast sea of mountains lay beneath and around us, within whose dark recesses lay innumerable lakes, of which Lough Carra seemed by far the most extensive. A small part only of the Lower Lake of Killarney is visible from Carrân Tual; the others being concealed by intervening heights.

But, independently of the remoter features of the landscape, the immediate scenery of the mountain itself is very grand. On either side of its summit is an enormous chasm of bare, perpendicular rock, through one of which we had passed, and the other is scarcely, if at all, inferior to it in wildness. I will not *bore* the reader by attempting further to particularise the prospects enjoyed from Carrân Tual; but will content myself with recording my impression, that, after seeing nearly all the most celebrated mountain views in Great Britain, I rank this among the very finest and grandest.

In descending, we at first kept rather along the ridge of the Reeks, in order to command

some points which were not visible from the very summit, and then struck directly down the steep hill-side towards the head of Cwm Duive. The descent occupied exactly three hours of hard walking, from the top to Lord Brandon's cottage, which I reached about five o'clock, and was received with a shout of Milesian welcome, and "Cead mille fealtagh," from my boatmen, who were again beginning to be considerably alarmed at my delay.

They had been kindly permitted to prepare a dinner for me at the cottage; and my morning's walk inclined me to do it immediate and ample justice. I then embarked on my passage down the lakes, just as Night and Day were disputing for empire; it was consequently quite dark before we had escaped from the intricacies of the "Long Range" between the Upper and Lower Lake. We had a patteraro in the boat, with which we disturbed many of the slumbering echoes. The finest, I think, was from a rock, near the Eagle's Cliff, which

is named the "Four Friends," from a tradition of four fellow-collegians having accidentally met and dined upon this islet.

The night was perfectly calm, and the moon, now near the full, shone at times with a brilliance that made one scarce regret the absence of the garish sun; but at other times veiled her light behind a canopy of silver-edged clouds, with an effect that was scarcely less lovely. We all felt the enchantment of the scene: and the oar fell slowly, though regularly, into the water, as if loath to disturb the delicious stillness of that hour.

While sailing beneath the pure beams of this most lovely night, I cannot forbear relating a story connected with the mountain I had this day ascended, and not altogether unknown to some of my friends at Killarney.

When Mr. G. went up Carrân Tual, to make the necessary observations for the Trigonometrical Survey, he was accompanied by several gentlemen of the country, as also by sundry

guides, &c., to convey his instruments and provisions. Amongst the latter was a bottle of black-currant whisky, an excellent and favourite beverage on sporting excursions in Ireland. This bottle had evidently been tampered with, and some of its contents abstracted. The gentleman who observed it mentioned the circumstance to Mr. G., who only said, "Don't say anything about it, and you shall see I'll cure him of meddling with any of my things."

Accordingly, a short time after, when they had nearly reached the top, Mr. G. took up one of his instruments, and, asking for the identical bottle, began carefully to rub the brass with a few drops of the liquid on a piece of linen. The lower orders of the Irish are particularly inquisitive about any thing they see done by their superiors, and they all stood staring round the engineer.

"What is that you are doing, G.?" said his friend.

"Why, this is one of the most disagreeable

parts of our profession. When we reach these great altitudes, we are obliged to rub the instruments with this liquid, which is one of the most active poisons known; and I am therefore, as you see, forced to take particular care, lest any of it touch my hands, or it might have an injurious effect upon my health."

"Och! Captain Charles, what is that Mr. G. says?" exclaimed the delinquent.

"Why, didn't you hear him say he's obliged to take care of the stuff in that bottle, because it's a violent poison?"

"And is it really poison it is, that's in that same bottle?"

"Poison!" said G., with imperturbable gravity. "I can only tell you that, just before I came upon this expedition, I saw some experiments tried with it upon a very strong bull, and twenty drops killed him in half an hour: a dog died in ten minutes."

"Och! murther! and do you really think that just a thimblefull of it would kill a man?"

"A man who had taken that quantity might perhaps live from thirty to forty minutes; but, when once it began to act, he would be dead in a few seconds."

"Och hone! then I'm a dead man, sure enough."

"Why, you don't mean, wretched man, that you have drunk any of that bottle, which I so particularly charged you not to touch!"

"Only just a thimblefull, your Honour."

"A thimblefull! Then make your peace with your God, for you have not a quarter of an hour to live!"

A priest was of the party, who was not in the secret; and they carried it so far as actually to allow the poor man to be confessed, and be conducted to a point from which he could see the Catholic chapel; and there the priest administered what substitute he could for the Extreme Unction and sacrament for the dying. He then joined with the poisoned man in most earnest supplications to Mr. G., to

know whether there was no possible antidote for this dreadful poison. After some hesitation, Mr. G. at length said, that he had indeed heard of some very few cases being cured by a simple remedy.

"Oh, what was that? he would do any thing in the world that afforded the slightest chance of his recovery; for he had a wife and five children at home, dependent on him for their support."

"Why, the remedy is very simple; but so high up these barren mountains, it must be quite impossible to find water enough;" he well knowing, all the time, that there was a copious spring within a hundred yards of the spot.

"Oh! if it 's water your Honour wants, I know of a fine spring close by, and will take your Honour to it this minute."

"Well then, your only chance is to dilute the poison by drinking as much water as you can possibly swallow—the more the better."

Accordingly, the poor victim ran to the

spring, and began gulping down tumbler after tumbler, until he positively could not drink any more. They then laid him down on the grass, and poured water down his throat, until he was so distended that he declared, if he were to die a thousand deaths, he could not swallow one drop more.

After leaving him awhile in this condition, and giving him severe lectures on his drunken habits, Mr. G. quietly took the fatal bottle, and pouring out a glass, drank it to his speedy recovery! The poor man at first stared, as if his eyes would leave their sockets: but, in an instant perceiving the whole trick, became most outrageously angry. He however made a vow against whisky, which, I believe, he has most religiously kept: neither, I must own, did I ever see him touch one drop of water—he got enough of that liquid on Carrân Tual to last him the rest of his life.

As may be supposed, he was most unmercifully quizzed during the remainder of the day;

but, when his wrath had somewhat subsided, he gave an amusing specimen of Milesian ingenuity in warding off the attacks of his companions: "Arra, then, wasn't it myself that humoured the gentlemen this morning? Och, sure, I saw that they wanted a bit of divarshion, and so I thought I would just humour their Honours; and didn't I keep it up mighty well entirely, now?"

Independently of its lakes and mountains, Killarney presents many very curious scenes of a different kind, which often afforded me no small share of amusement during my long stay.

The town itself is of a considerable size, with many good houses, and several wide, regular streets. It owes its prosperity entirely to the picturesque beauties of its environs; as it has no commerce or manufacture whatever, and is not even on the direct road between Cork and Limerick. But these beauties have been sufficient not only to allure, year after year, a crowd of visiters, who employ its population

and consume its produce, but also to induce many wealthy families to fix their permanent residence along the shores of this lovely lake. The town belongs almost exclusively to Lord Kenmare, who has an old and not very handsome mansion close to it, as well as a considerable property in the neighbourhood.

During the summer months, if the weather be fine, Killarney is filled with tourists from all nations, whose manners, appearance, and actions, are frequently not the least remarkable curiosities about the place.

Then, there are the beggars, who, for numbers, importunity, and roguery, are hardly to be equalled even in Ireland. At whatever hour you may rise, you will see a dense array of this fraternity, awaiting the arrival or departure of the earliest coaches; and each preferring his own particular claim to the benevolence of the traveller, with all the cant and perseverance belonging to his profession, but with an ingenuity peculiar to the Milesian. Of course,

blessings of all kinds, in this world and the next, are promised for the small sum of one halfpenny; and adjurations are made to the piety, to the recollections of home, to the charity, and not unfrequently to the vanity, of the departing stranger, which few find it possible wholly to resist.

I have been often much amused to witness, in contrast to the humble importunity assumed as long as there is the least chance of getting any thing, the impudent nonchalance with which the hat is tossed on, as soon as the carriage moves, and the air of contemptuous indifference with which its rapidly retiring wheels are viewed. They then gather round the different parties, who by this time are seen starting for the several points of interest on the Lakes.

Indeed, from eight to ten o'clock, on a fine morning, the streets of Killarney display a highly animated and amusing picture. *Here*, for instance, is a large party mounted for

Mangerton; laughing at their own and each other's steeds, and endeavouring to pummel their miserable hacks into a canter, at least for the start; in which they are assisted, *con amore*, by their attendant juvenile. *There*, perhaps, stands near the inn door a solitary tourist, just caught—arrived the night before—anticipating dire imposition—dubious of the weather—and undecided what he shall do. Around him are collected divers coxswains, and buglers, guides, and would-be guides, all simultaneously endeavouring to influence his decision to their own advantage; whilst ever and anon a sort of running chorus is maintained by the mendicants—"Your Honour, remember the poor *widdee* and the *orphins*, your Honour—only one halfpenny for the love of God, your Honour—and the Lord Almighty prosper ye, and send ye safe home to your family," &c. &c.

In the midst of all this clamour, perhaps, Milord having vainly exercised his physiogno-

mical powers to detect a single honest face, with whose owner to hold colloquy about his plans, magnanimously stalks away in solemn silence, with the fruitless hope of thereby escaping from his tormentors.

Soon after, four or five boatmen appear, slowly trudging towards Ross Castle, and bearing heavy baskets, crammed with eatables and drinkables; from among which hangs out the tail of a salmon, to be "skivered on Arrabutus," at Glenâ, or Dinis. In five minutes more, the party belonging to the same issue forth from their inn, mount their car or carriage, and, with voices, looks, manner, alike, proclaiming what a delightful day they anticipate, start in the same direction; while their bugler peals out a joyous air, that makes the streets quite ring again with its exciting notes. And off they dash, with laugh and jest, to be succeeded by another and yet another party, all differing in component parts, yet all agreeing in general character.

At length, however, the whole tide of tourists is poured forth; and the streets become quite still. Near the inns, and leaning against the wall, may be seen a few guides, or boatmen, unemployed and melancholy. Opposite to them, on the church steps, are seated the tribe of beggars, smoking and swearing, grumbling at the little themselves have made that morning, and venting their spleen at the superior luck of their rivals.

If, amid this general stagnation, a solitary car, or a stray tourist, chance to appear in the street, instantly beggars, and guides, and boatmen, are all set in motion, and a general rush is made towards their unfortunate prey. Not a morning passes, but many most diverting scenes of this sort are enacted, which, I confess, amused me infinitely on many an idle day.

Further to beguile the leisure of the tourist who remains any length of time here, there is a good reading-room, to which strangers are liberally admitted; and which is frequented by

most of the residents of the town and neighbourhood. There are so many highly respectable families in and near Killarney, that the society ought to be good: but, as I saw little or nothing of it, I cannot speak of its agreeableness or sociability. From what I heard, however, I rather think that politics have of late not contributed to improve it; and the success of O'Connell's nominees at the last election for the county, in opposition to Lord Kenmare's interest, is understood to have caused a feud between the two families.

This was assigned as the principal cause why there was no stag hunt during the five weeks that I was at Killarney, or in the neighbourhood. The hounds are kept by the Counsellor's brother, Mr. John O'Connell, who lives at Grena, near the end of the Lower Lake: but the stags are all in the woods belonging to Lord Kenmare and Mr. Herbert, without whose permission, therefore, he cannot hunt.

It was a great disappointment to me and others, not to be able to witness a spectacle of which I had heard so much. The numerous boats upon the Lake—the thousands of spectators on the Hills—the gallant stag bounding over the heathy mountain, and at last seeking coolness and safety in the treacherous wave—the hounds giving vent to their joy at scenting the tainted gale—the bugle, the shout, the echoes—must contribute to form a scene of the most animated and interesting description. I was, however, compelled to content myself with old Gandsey's representation of it on his pipes.

By the way, I ought to apologize to him for not having before mentioned this respectable old piper. Like Fitzpatrick of Cahir, and like "blind Mæonides," he is deprived of sight; which seems to make the ear and the feelings more alive to harmony. He is considered a very good performer on the pipes; and is besides an intelligent, well-informed, and most

jovial companion. He has composed both words and music himself, though not of first-rate merit; and appears to have stored up in his memory an inexhaustible stock of the beautiful old music of Erin, with whose generally plaintive and most affecting airs he oftentimes greatly delighted me. He is acquainted with a vast number that have never been published; and pity, indeed, it were, if such melodies should be allowed to die with him. It was not difficult to see that he entertained a high idea of himself; and perhaps it might be guessed that he was fond of a glass or two—not more *(unless he could get them)*; and his enemies say (for what great man is without enemies?) that he is grasp-ingly fond of money, and, though without sight, not blind to his own interests.

I must not conclude my little notice of Kil-larney without saying a single word about the Church and its services. The building itself is respectable on the outside, and very neat in

the inside; and the congregation, both of strangers and residents, numerous and orderly. The first Sunday after my arrival, the young curate officiated; and, though he was not a very effective reader, he gave an excellent, and even eloquent, sermon, which made me more than once regret afterwards that he should lend his pulpit to strangers, whose manner and doctrines I did not by any means like so well. One, in particular, mounted the pulpit, dressed in a pair of light grey trowsers, a flowered silk waistcoat, and a black coat with a velvet collar! and described himself in the inn album as "Citoyen du monde!" He preached extempore for one hour and ten minutes, in favour of the Church Missionary Society; seldom in good taste, but occasionally with considerable effect; particularly when relating some anecdotes of Missionaries, which he brought in, by neck and shoulders, evidently not for the first time.

It had been my intention to start on a tour

round the coast of Kerry; but I was induced to delay my departure for a day or two, in order to avail myself of Captain Thomas Herbert's polite invitation, to join some mutual friends in exploring Mucruss Demesne, &c. He met us at the Abbey, which we minutely examined. Though not so extensive as many of our monastic buildings in England, it is a very picturesque ruin, and accords extremely well with the sylvan glades in which it is embosomed. It has also many curiosities of detail, which the guides faithfully point out.

The Cloisters are small in extent, and plain in architecture, but they are remarkably perfect; and in the centre of their court stands the largest and most magnificent yew tree I ever beheld, whose branches extend over nearly the whole building. Mucruss Abbey is still the favourite burying place of this neighbourhood. Amongst others, we were shown the tomb of the O'Donoghues, which has this year been opened to receive almost the last of that ancient race.

From the Abbey we rambled through the adjoining grounds, to various points which command exquisite views of the Middle and Lower Lakes. It is scarcely possible to name a single demesne in Great Britain of similar extent which contains such diversified and captivating scenery as Mucruss; and I can only repeat my hope that there will ere long be a mansion worthy of the situation and the property. From Mucruss we adjourned to Turk Cottage, Captain Herbert's elegant residence; whence, after exploring the grounds and the cascade, we embarked in our host's four-oared barge for the Upper Lake.

The weather was at first unpromising; but it soon cleared up, and proved a most lovely afternoon. The water was so low that we had some difficulty in passing the Long Range; but this only occasioned those laughable embarrassments which rather increase than detract from the *agrémens* of a party of this kind. In the course of our excursion we explored

a secluded and romantic branch of the Upper Lake, called Newfoundland Bay, from which we landed to view the tunnel on the new road to Kenmare.

This is a perforation of about fifteen yards through a solid rock; and, as a picturesque object, is an additional feature to a very lovely scene; but, as a work of art, it presented no difficulties, and therefore can claim no merit. Passing under it, we walked for some distance along the road, which enchanted us all, as well by its own beautiful scenery of rock and wood as by the noble views it exhibited of the Upper Lake.

After three or four hours spent most delightfully in this manner, we adjourned to Dinis Island, where a handsome banquet had been prepared for us, including, of course, sundry "Arrabutus Skivers" of salmon, which had been caught that morning under Mucruss. We formed a right *merrie* and joyous party: it was not therefore until a late hour that we

returned across the moonlit lake to Turk Cottage, where we partook of refreshments, and drove back to Killarney, after a most agreeable day's excursion.

CHAPTER IV.

Excursion into Iveragh — Lough and River Carra — Dingle Bay — Cahir Civeen — Iveragh Fair — Waterville — Lough Currane — The Skellings.

DURING the night that succeeded this excursion, and the next morning, it rained in torrents, which only confirmed my previous resolution of going into Iveragh, as I was aware my chance of sport would be much increased by the floods that might be expected in all the mountain streams. It was not until two o'clock in the afternoon that the storm would allow me to start, when, leaving all my heavy baggage at Killarney, I set out with the intention of making a fortnight's tour of the coast of Kerry and Cork, as far as Bantry.

The Barony of Iveragh, which comprises the mountain district between the Bays of Dingle and Kenmare, is very little visited. But, from what scanty information I could collect, as well as from what I had seen of it from the top of Carrân Tual, I was convinced it must contain much grand scenery, as well as interesting manners, while the fact of its being so little known, although so near a place of such resort as Killarney, was a still further inducement to penetrate its wilds.

I had wished to make my first halt at Cahir Civeen, the capital of Iveragh, and distant from Killarney about twenty-eight miles; but, being prevented by the weather from starting until a late hour, I made up my mind to stop at the small inn, (kept by a man of the name of Wailes) rather more than halfway.

It still continued to rain so hard that I was compelled to close all the leathern curtains of my vehicle; and I therefore cannot give a very accurate description of the scenery. The first

half of the road was the same that I had passed in going to Carrân Tual; and, from what I could see of the latter part, there was a fine, continued range of mountains to my left, and occasional glimpses of Dingle Bay to my right. I was heartily glad, when, at the end of four hours, the machine stopped, and I was told I had arrived at my journey's end. Wailes's Inn is a slated house, wholly on the ground floor, with a single bed-room and a parlour for a stranger; but I believe it is going to be enlarged. There was, at any rate, as much accommodation as I wanted; and in those main ingredients of a traveller's comfort — cleanliness and attention — I had reason to be more than satisfied.

Wailes himself is all the way from Essex; and most singularly did his strong provincial accent fall upon my ear, so long accustomed to the soft, and (to my taste) harmonious Milesian pronunciation. He originally came over for the purpose of superintending some embankments on a large scale; but, having married a

woman of the country, he was afterwards persuaded to remain, and is become a sort of land-bailiff to Lord Headley. Yet, though he has now been thirteen years here, and has from one hundred to two hundred labourers constantly under him, who mostly speak nothing but Erse, he himself is totally ignorant of the Irish language. He is, in fact, a thorough, downright, honest John Bull, with the most amusing contempt for all the blarney and humbug he meets with amongst this people. Finding that Lough Carra was only about two miles from his house, and the river that flows out of it not half so far, I agreed to remain the next day, as I thought it very probable the late rains might have induced some salmon and sea-trout to run up. Accordingly, after breakfast, I sallied forth to the River Carra, accompanied by the youngest disciple of old Izaak that was ever recommended to me as guide and assistant. He was only thirteen or fourteen years old, and scarcely looked so much. His name was Cornelius

Clifford; and, for his age, he certainly was an extraordinarily clever angler, and, withal, a sharp, intelligent, good boy.

There was a flood in the river from yesterday's rain, which had induced a few white trout, and perhaps an odd peel or two, to come into it; but I was greatly disappointed with my sport. From what I could learn, the salmon chiefly enter this river in winter; and I believe it affords very good angling in early spring, but at no other time. Its course from the Lake is about two miles; I fished up it, killing on my way a few small sea-trout, and then tried for a short time the Lake itself, which is celebrated for its brown trout; but, not being able to obtain a boat, I fished from the shore, and caught but a few Lilliputians. Becoming soon tired of this, I put up my tackle, and ascended one of the highest neighbouring hills, to command the best view of the Lake and surrounding country.

Lough Carra is an extensive and handsome

sheet of water, but with little or no wood on its banks, except at the upper end, where is a neat looking place, belonging to Mr. Newton. It is at this end that the best angling is said to be; and both salmon and large brown trout are frequently killed here. Looking the other way, I observed near the mouth of Carra River a low and dangerous sandbank, running almost across Dingle Bay. On this shoal numbers of vessels have been wrecked; on which distressing occasions the Kerry men are said to behave very little better than the Cornish wreckers.

To the west of this point lies the extensive tract which Lord Headley has reclaimed from the sea; he also possesses in this neighbourhood a very considerable property, on which he has for many years been introducing vast improvements, that, I trust, will prove as beneficial to himself as they must at least be to the district at large, by the employment they create, and the example they afford.

The next day was the Sabbath; when, finding myself at least seven miles from any Protestant place of worship, I had prayers at home; and in the afternoon rode over to Cahir Civeen, under the guidance of the postboy who conveys his Majesty's mail to these *not unlettered* regions. He proved to be a civil, intelligent fellow, and ministered considerably both to my amusement and information.

Soon after leaving Wailes's Inn, we passed under a beautifully wooded hill, belonging to Lord Headley; and thence pursued the course of a small river, that waters the wild, open Vale of Glanbeg. This stream issues from several small lakes, in which is an abundance of fine trout. Leaving the valley, which, though wild, is not picturesque, we crossed over some rather high ground, and descended upon Dingle Bay, along whose rocky shores we rode for several miles.

From this point, the scenery assumed a character of great magnificence. The southern

coast of this noble estuary is composed of very lofty and precipitous mountains, clothed throughout their upper masses with heather, and resting upon dark slate cliffs, which rise boldly from the water. In traversing this rude coast, it is interesting to observe the successive improvements that have taken place in the science of road-making. The first line passes directly over the shoulder of the hills; the second about halfway down; while the present, which is an excellent road, preserves an admirable level throughout. To effect this, it is often thrown across, or winds round, deep and dangerous ravines, worn by the mountain torrents in the abrupt face of the cliff; or at other times is conducted along the brow of beetling crags, whose base is far beneath, washed by the sounding sea.

The eye is thus alternately engaged by these immediate objects of interest and grandeur, and ever and anon is cast across the blue waves of the Bay, to the still sterner rocks that guard

the opposite shore. The northern coast appears to be even more lofty and rugged, with little appearance of either cultivation or habitations; the entrances to Dingle and Ventry Harbours are distinctly seen, but not the towns themselves.

After seeing the three principal Bays of this fine coast, which forms a worthy barrier to the vast Atlantic, I think that, upon the whole, although Bantry may be perhaps the most *beautiful*, I must award the palm of romantic *grandeur* to Dingle Bay, over either of its rivals, Kenmare or Bantry.

About four or five miles from Cahir, we came upon a pretty little bay, in which is a Water-guard Station, together with a few houses, for the accommodation of a small number of bathers, who annually visit this retired spot to avail themselves of its excellent sands. Here, to my regret, we left the coast, and, turning inland, soon obtained a view of Cahir Civeen, at the head of its little inlet. The whole inter-

vening road appeared thronged with peasants, driving their cattle towards the town, to be in readiness for a great fair that was to take place there the next morning. Their appearance, and manner, and dress, added much to the interest of my ride.

The aspect of the country on the land side of Cahir is peculiar, though not beautiful; displaying a very extensive circular plain, interspersed with bogs, and bounded on all sides by distant ranges of mountains. This is the fatherland of the O'Connells. Mr. Charles O'Connell, who married a daughter of Dan, has a house in the centre of the plain, but is at present building another and much handsomer mansion, close to it. Nearer the town, and on the side of a hill, is the place belonging to Mr. Primrose, another son-in-law to the "Counsellor." This house has some wood round it, which is a very scarce article in Iveragh. Almost at the foot of the same hill stands the ruined old family mansion, in which the

"Liberator" himself was born, and which, for the honour of the name, I think he might put into somewhat more decent order.

Passing close by the dilapidated cradle of so much greatness and celebrity, I almost immediately entered the town, through nearly the whole of which I had to ride before I reached the only respectable inn in the place, kept by an O'Connell, of the true and ancient breed. Here I was very comfortably accommodated; and was interested to find traces of the customs that prevailed a century or two ago in England, and which may still be observed in parts of Germany, where the landlord and his guests form, as it were, a family for the time, and eat their meals together.

Cahir Civeen is confessedly the capital of Iveragh, and has been much increased and improved of late years; the whole of it either belongs to O'Connell, or is held by him under a lease from Trinity College. It is situated on a small arm of the sea, at the head of a bay, which

is completely closed by Valentia Island. O'Connell tried to induce the people to build higher up this inlet, on his own private land, with which view he erected, or rather commenced, a large chapel. However, the experiment seems not to have succeeded, and the chapel has not been finished. I also observed many new houses untenanted; and should therefore suspect that the place has been *overbuilt*.

The predominant rock about Cahir Civeen is slate, which, though not of first-rate excellence, is used on most of the houses in the town. But the adjoining Island of Valentia is entirely composed of roofing-slate, of such a quality as to be quarried to a great extent for exportation, being little inferior to the Welsh. The island belongs to the Knight of Kerry; who, some time ago, was very sanguine about getting it appointed the Packet Station for America, to which it is almost, if not quite, the nearest point of Europe. Opposite its north-eastern shore is the tall, bluff cliff, called

Dulas Head, where is a very spacious and grand cavern, that I had certainly intended visiting, if the boisterous state of the sea had not rendered it impracticable.

I was, perhaps, better employed in watching the humours of next day's fair; for, understanding it would be very numerously attended from all parts of the Barony, I at once made up my mind to remain the day, instead of proceeding on my tour; and consider myself very fortunate in having accidentally witnessed the "gathering" of two such wild districts as Cunnemarra and Iveragh — the wildest, probably, in the British dominions.

Immediately after breakfast I sallied forth, and found the streets thronged with pigs and sheep, and a few ponies, but principally with the staple commodity of the Barony, the Kerry cattle. These are very small, but well shaped, and, when put into good grass, are good thrivers and milkers. There were also a great number of buyers, as well as sellers: the men

were, in general, fine, tall, strapping fellows, and it was curious to see them standing two or three feet above their cattle, and pulling them about by the horns, just as we would a sheep. I mixed among the crowds, and was greatly diverted in watching the wrangling and bargaining, which was of the most animated description; but, being carried on entirely in Irish, it was only their eloquent tones and gestures that I could understand. From four pounds to seven pounds seemed to be the price of a cow, and of a cow with her calf, according to their size and quality.

After observing these scenes for a considerable time, I ascended the heights immediately overhanging the town; from whose lofty ridge I commanded the whole line of the coast of Iveragh, with a large portion of Dingle Bay. Upon my return, in two or three hours, I was much struck by the change that had come over the *face of the fair*. When I had left it, the streets were full of cattle and traffickers; no-

thing but business was attended to. The cattle were now mostly sold and driven off, and the public-houses rapidly filling. Pleasure was evidently superseding business; the more by token that the women were flocking into the town, from all sides, in great numbers; it was not difficult, therefore, to guess that the fun and the mischief were about to commence. The females were, as usual, strikingly inferior to the men in relative stature and comeliness: they wore, moreover, dark blue cloaks, which had by no means so picturesque an effect as the red mantles of the Cunnemarra damsels.

When again I walked out in the evening, I found still further changes; the drama of the fair was evidently approaching the fifth act. From one house (for every house was turned for the day into a whisky shop)—from one came the sounds of merriment, the pipe, and the dance: from the next, the noise of quarrelling, shilelaghs, and fighting. Much the same variety of sounds and scenes might be

observed in the streets. There were many fights—two or three of them very opportunely in front of my Hotel. Some awkward knocks were exchanged, but there was much more talking than fighting—many more hard words than hard blows.

Towards nightfall, a strong faction of the Sullivans for a time cleared the fair, and paraded the streets, calling on their feudal enemies, the Sheas of Valentia, to come out and meet them. A battle ensued between the two parties of so fierce a description, that at length two young priests, backed by the Police, appeared to quell the riot; in which they perfectly succeeded, the people all flying before them. One of the priests, a stout young man, seized a loaded stick from one of the combatants, and proceeded therewith to lay about him, as hard as he could, most impartially on both Sheas and Sullivans: and in particular he aimed a blow at one bareheaded fellow, who was scrambling over a wall, which all present

declared must have killed him, had it taken effect. I wonder what would be thought in England of a Protestant clergyman who should thus clear a fair!—but the Irish priests often make themselves very useful by this personal and plenary administration of the law.

So much for an Irish fair, which, except perhaps at Donnybrook, can nowhere be seen in such perfection as in Iveragh—at least in these degenerate days. There were a thousand rich scenes, that afforded me infinite entertainment at the time, but which defy description, unless I could borrow Lover's pen and pencil.

The next morning I set out, though not with much pomp and circumstance, to Waterville, a small village, situated at the point where the short-lived stream from Lough Currane empties itself into the sea. Cars being unknown in this mountainous country, I was glad to hire a pony to convey my baggage, and to walk by its side, the distance being only nine or ten English miles. The road passed,

for the most part, over a flat and boggy plain, from which rose a line of gently-swelling hills.

This district, I learned, belongs almost entirely to the O'Connells, or is held by them under College leases. The extent is great, but the soil of the poorest description. Daniel O'Connell himself happened at this very time to be staying with his son-in-law, Mr. Charles O'Connell, being on his way to Derrinane. As might be expected, therefore, I heard enough of him while in this neighbourhood, where he is naturally looked up to as the first man in the world. His usual appellation among all classes is, "*The Counsellor*," or, "*The Liberator*;" and, whatever may be thought of him elsewhere, in Iveragh, at least, he is considered a kind of demi-god.

He was generally described to me as a very kind and good landlord; and, where politics are out of the question, a pleasant companion. He is very fond of hunting, and keeps a small pack of hounds. I had hoped to join him at his favourite sport, in the neighbourhood of Cahir,

as a hunting party had been fixed for him the morning before I left, and was only prevented by the unfavourable appearance of the weather. It would have given me great pleasure to witness the Counsellor breathing the free air of his native mountains, and hallooing on his hounds, as if politics or party had never engrossed his whole mind, nor senates listened to his eloquent diatribes. The country is not altogether such as a Meltonian would think the best adapted to the chase; in fact, it is so rugged and boggy, that even the mountain ponies are seldom employed, the sport being much better seen on foot.

But to return from this digression. About a couple of miles before reaching Waterville, I crossed a considerable stream, the Inny, which, if I had not been assured to the contrary, I should have imagined to be a splendid river for salmon-fishing. Waterville is the name of Mr. Butler's residence, on the banks of the stream that issues from Lough Currane. Adjoining it

is a large, but straggling village, where I had been recommended to take up my quarters in the house of a farmer, named Roger Sullivan. Here I secured a very comfortable single room, furnished with a good bed, and experienced, during my stay, the utmost civility and attention. Spirits and groceries I had brought with me: every other necessary they supplied cheaply and well.

Immediately after establishing myself in my lodgings, I despatched a note to Mr. Butler for permission to angle in the Lake and River; a favour which he never refuses to any gentleman. He, however, accompanied his kind sanction by an unpleasant intimation that the River was so low he did not imagine it offered any chance of sport. And such I found to be the case.

The stream is not half a mile long from the Lake to the sea, but is said to afford very excellent trout and salmon-fishing, whenever there is a flood: at other times, it is small and tri-

fling. There is, besides, a weir built entirely across it at highwater-mark, which completely prevents any fish from passing, and must destroy the rod-fishing above. Mr. Butler this year took several hundred of the finest white trout out of the boxes, and let them run into the Lake; but what are they in such a wide expanse!

There being no hope of sport upon the river, I agreed with a boatman named John Seagerson to go for two or three hours on the Lake. He was accompanied by a young son, who, with his father, had been at the fair the night before; they were consequently both very sleepy, and unequal to any great exertion. The wind being likewise very high, they proved quite unable to manage the boat; I was therefore compelled to return, after trying but a very small portion of the Lake; where, however, I caught five trout, which averaged three quarters of a pound each, besides rising a great many more.

Lough Currane is an irregularly circular piece of water, many miles (perhaps eight) in circumference. Its scenery is fine, though not extraordinarily so; and it contains several islands, of which only one, Church Island, is any way remarkable. I fished it under such very inauspicious circumstances, as to be scarcely able to form a personal judgment of its capabilities; but, from what I saw and heard, I believe that there are always a few salmon in it, still more white trout, and an abundance of very fine brown trout.

If Mr. Butler's weir did not so entirely block up the river, and were it not down for so great a part of the year, there would be capital fishing of every kind. As it is, the salmon are annually decreasing; but this diminution Mr. Butler will not attribute to what appears to me the real cause; but lays the blame on a novel mode of salmon-fishing, lately practised with nets in the open sea. The fact is, that no small river will bear to have weirs, or salmon-

boxes, across the whole stream, for eight or ten months in the year. Not only many of the spawning fish are prevented reaching their favourite gravel beds, &c., but thousands, upon finding these obstructions, betake themselves to the neighbouring rivers, as has been proved in Scotland.

The next day I was early on the Lake with great expectation of success, the wind having become more moderate, though still from the north and very cold. I carefully fished both the eastern and western shores; and had a vast number of rises, but only caught eleven fish, chiefly brown trout, some of which weighed a pound and a half. I rose some of evidently much larger size, but must confess I had anticipated infinitely much better sport.

Nothing makes a man so hungry as piscators disappointment, nothing so thirsty as to be looking all the day at water. We, therefore, unanimously resolved upon adjourning to a sweet little secluded bay, to divest ourselves

(as Homer says) of the desire of eating and drinking. Having some potatoes with us, I sent them up to a neighbouring farm-house to be boiled; which the inmates most readily did, with the native kindness ever to be found in the unsophisticated Irish; and, though they were at some trouble in cooking up their little fire, &c., so far from accepting any remuneration, they assured me that if I had not brought potatoes with me they would have been most happy to supply me with them. These little traits display the genuine features of national character better than the more important but more artificial movements of large bodies in towns; and their study cannot fail greatly to interest the tourist who is concerned, as he should be, for his fellow-men — who "*humani nihil a se alienum putat.*"

While we were thus dining and moralizing on the picturesque shores of this lovely bay, the breeze entirely died away, and the evening came on, still, serene, and beautiful. We had

therefore no option but to row leisurely homewards, and silently watch the dying splendours of the sun as he sank to his rest,

> "Arraying with reflected purple and gold
> The clouds that on his western throne attend."

The next morning broke equally serene, but, with the hope that a breeze would spring up, I again repaired to the Lake. We this time coasted along the southern shore, and, there being scarcely any ripple on the water, I contented myself with trailing my flies forty or fifty yards behind the boat; by this method I caught several small trout, and one very fine and beautifully mottled brown trout that weighed above two pounds and a half. I have nowhere seen such large fish rise in such calm water as on this Lake.

Having reached the upper end of the Lake, I left the boat to explore a small Lough, about a mile higher up the Glen; it is said to abound with both white and brown trout of large size: but the surface was so unruffled that I saw it

would be useless to attempt to lure any of them from their crystal haunts. I was much struck with the impressive air of loneliness that characterised this secluded spot; surrounded by an amphitheatre of rugged mountains, and uncheered by one whitewashed cabin, or a single smiling corn-field, it seemed cut off from the rest of the world. What would a London citizen feel if suddenly transported from the City's crowded mart into this wild and solitary glen!

In the afternoon the breeze freshened a little, and we hastened to our boat, which our appetites induced us to steer towards the little bay of the day before. While dining there, beneath our favourite rock, the treacherous gale again deserted us, and we had again to row home beneath the influence of another sunset not less serenely beautiful than that of the previous evening. I had often heard of the exquisite tints seen on the western coast; in confirmation of which, I must say, that I have scarcely ever witnessed such pure yet glowing colours

in the sky as on the occasion of these two lovely sunsets on Lough Currane.

On our way homewards we landed on Church Island, where Seagerson observed two wild ducks, near the shore; and, having a gun, he crept up and got a shot within twenty or thirty yards. He had previously been boasting of his skill as a marksman, and it was therefore amusing to hear his excuses for a most palpable miss. "Och! to think of her flying away, cut to pieces as she is! Why she's got shot enough in her to stock an ironmonger's shop of her own! Watch her, Owen! she must drop — Watch her, Owen!"

The duck, however, seemed as unconscious of any such impediments to her flight as King O'Toole's goose, and topped hill after hill until we soon lost sight of her.

I took this opportunity to inspect the curiosities of Church Island, which proved well worth examination. There is one considerable church in a complete state of ruin, though still

much resorted to as a burial-place. Within its hallowed precincts is a great collection of skulls and bones; among which are said to be some of an enormous size, but none such could I discover. There are also the remains of several smaller churches, most probably of *seven* in all, this being the favourite number in the olden days of Erin.

But much the most interesting antiquity is the ruin of a Celtic Tower, exactly resembling those that exist in some parts of the north of Scotland. It is eight or ten feet in height, of a circular shape, and formed of large stones without any mortar. On one side is a low square entrance, surmounted by a huge block, and the walls gradually converge, so as to be covered with a single broad slab at the top. There is little doubt that these ancient Towers were used for religious purposes, before the introduction of Christianity; but, further than this, I believe, antiquaries are not agreed either as to their exact age, or uses, or builders.

When too late, I felt sorry that I had not devoted a day, thus unfavourable for fishing, to visiting the very singular rocks called the Skellings. They are about ten or twelve miles from Waterville, and can only be approached in serene weather. From the accounts I received, and from an examination of them through a good glass, they would amply repay the trouble of inspection. They rise perpendicularly out of the sea, to a great height, and consist of nothing but bare, broken rock. On the larger one are two Lighthouses, tended by a couple of families, who are obliged to have always six months' provisions on the Island. Formerly their houses could only be approached by most perilous climbing: but a road has now been cut in the solid rock, which enables the stranger to view these awful precipices without any risk.

I was anxious to examine them, but felt I could scarcely sacrifice another day to the purpose; besides which I had sent over a messen-

ger to Kenmare for a car to meet me at Sneem. The same reasons obliged me also to decline Mr. Butler's polite invitation to dine with him that day—though with much regret—as, from the kindness and intelligence I had previously remarked in him, it would have afforded me sincere pleasure to become better acquainted with him, and to obtain that further information about this secluded district which he was so competent to give.

CHAPTER V.

Departure from Waterville to Derrinane — Wild Scenery of the Coast — Derrinane House — Character of Mr. O'Connell — Review of his Political Conduct — Effect upon Ireland — Repeal of the Union — Present State and future Prospects of the Country.

At Waterville, all passage for carriages terminates, the road thence passing for the next eight or ten miles over a succession of the steepest and most rugged mountains that the imagination can picture. It is in the centre of this rocky solitude that Dan O'Connell's house of Derrinane is situated; and, as he was now residing there, the expectation of seeing the self-styled "Liberator" in his own halls was an additional inducement to pass by a spot which its occupant has invested with such notoriety. I easily hired a couple of ponies for myself and

baggage, at a moderate price, and, the day being brilliantly clear, saw this very striking coast scenery under the most favourable circumstances.

About two miles beyond Waterville commences a long and steep ascent, which at length becomes so very precipitous and rough, that even the mountain ponies have some difficulty in surmounting it. The line taken by the primitive road-makers was extremely injudicious; it evidently ought to pass much nearer the sea. Indeed, a new road in that direction was talked of, but, as it would be very expensive, and lead only to Derrinane, it has, I believe, been given up.

Upon at length reaching the summit of this tedious ascent, a magnificent prospect opened before me. I had been previously much pleased with the views I had enjoyed of the fine open Bay of Ballinskellings, in which Waterville is placed; but now an infinitely more extensive and more varied panorama

burst upon my sight. We had attained a very considerable elevation, from which we commanded a long line of the rugged coast of Kerry, indented with numberless creeks, and guarded by a fearful array of rocks, against which the sea beat and foamed, even in this calm weather. Below me lay the narrow inlet, on whose sandy beach Derrinane is built; but the house itself was not visible. Beyond were the entrances to Kenmare and Bantry Bays; behind which the rich but tame plains of Cork closed the horizon, and contrasted strongly with the stern features of the immediate scenery around me. To my left towered bare, broken mountains, "in desolation's sullen majesty;" while, to the westward, as far as the eye could reach, stretched the vast, billowy Atlantic.

The interest of the scene was somewhat heightened by a numerous cavalcade on their way to Derrinane, consisting of male and female equestrians, mounted, in primitive fashion, on saddle and pillion. They were relatives of

O'Connell; and, having quarrelled about some family property, had agreed to refer the matter to the Counsellor himself. I understood that he renders himself very useful in this way while sojourning in Iveragh. His knowledge of law and natural acuteness qualify him admirably for a judge, where his own interests or prejudices are not involved; and such is the *prestige* attached to his name, that here at least his decisions are considered oracular.

From the concordant testimony of all whom I heard speak upon the subject, O'Connell is not only much looked up to, but also much beloved, in his own immediate neighbourhood; but, in the rest of the country, and among the educated classes, he is regarded in the same light that he is by at least four-fifths of *his own countrymen in the upper and middle ranks*, and by nearly all well-informed Englishmen and Scotchmen who are unbiassed by party. I think, from the opportunities of observation I have had, that the upper ranks of Catholics,

and even a majority of the priests, have no real love for O'Connell, although they find it convenient and useful to act with him and to second him. There is, however, no doubt that the lower orders of Catholics, almost to a man, esteem him as the guardian angel of their country and their religion; as identified, in fact, with Catholic Ireland.

The lower Irish are naturally acute, but they are not well informed; they are not a reasoning, but they are a strongly feeling people; appearing, indeed, to reason with *their hearts*, not *with their heads*. These peculiarities of his countrymen O'Connell well knows how to humour; and such is the influence that he has acquired over them, that, whatever advice he may give them, they at once adopt, without the slightest examination, merely because it is his advice: especially if it be, as it naturally is, recommended by the ministers of their religion.

But the better informed classes, who are at least as anxious for the real welfare of Ireland

as Dan is—without almost any exception that I have met with—consider him to be her greatest practical enemy. Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to his tactics previously to passing of the Catholic Relief Bill, there is a least none (among the classes of whom I speak) as to the mischief of continuing the system of agitation now.

If, after the Catholic claims had been fully conceded, O'Connell had chosen to co-operate with the Government and the well disposed of all parties, in allaying animosities, and endeavouring to tranquillize the country, Ireland would at this time be the most improving portion of the British dominions. It has immense resources and capabilities, which only want capital to develop them. At the time I speak of, there was a redundancy of capital in England, which would have flowed into Ireland instead of into foreign lands, provided there had been a rational prospect of tranquillity in that distracted island.

A capitalist is a naturally timid person, and will not risk his property except where the rights of property are fully respected, life secure, and the empire of the Law firmly established. Had Ireland at that momentous crisis remained peaceful and tranquil for a couple of years, I am perfectly convinced that money speculators would have gradually settled on her coasts, bringing with them the means of employing her superabundant population. I believe that domestic manufactures would have been rapidly introduced, and foreign commerce, particularly with America, greatly extended. Public and private works would necessarily have followed, and the means of internal communication infinitely increased. But it were unnecessary to enumerate the immense advantages resulting to Ireland from the introduction of capital by intelligent speculators, as any one may easily follow them out in detail.

And these advantages, I am convinced, she might have had within two years after the

passing of the Catholic Bill, but for one of her ownsons. It unfortunately, however, did not suit Mr. O'Connell's private interests that Ireland should be too quiet; and, as he has never shown any symptom of sacrificing himself to his country, or to any thing else, he continued the system of agitation to which he had accustomed the people. By this means he certainly was enabled to retain much of that popular notoriety and applause, which, perhaps, from long habits of indulgence, had become so necessary to him that he could not forego their gratification; and also to secure a forced subscription from the wretched peasantry of Ireland, that has hitherto exceeded the emoluments which an opposite course could promise him.

These advantages Mr. O'Connell has certainly gained by agitation; but then his poor country has been ruined; or, at least, the golden opportunity of her moral and political regeneration indefinitely protracted. It is most melancholy to reflect that the fate of so fine a

country should depend so much upon one man, and that his interests should be opposed to hers!

O'Connell is undoubtedly a man of very great and varied talent, endowed with an extraordinary activity and energy, both of mind and body, and with an unequalled fertility of resource. Though not exactly handsome, his person is commanding, and his voice magnificent; his power of addressing an Irish mob, or cross-examining an Irish witness, is quite without a parallel. To these qualifications must be added his knowledge of Law, which at all events has been sufficiently accurate to teach him how to evade it with impunity. He is, in short, admirably suited in most respects to the people and the circumstances amid which his lot has been cast. He will therefore be recorded in future History as a very remarkable and talented man, but never as a *great man*. O'Connell is sadly deficient in many of the qualities that constitute a

great and good man, which his eloquence and supposed services may gloss over in the eyes of the warm-hearted Irish; but which will inevitably condemn him on the page of future History. The single circumstance of his wringing out the thousands he annually does, under the name of a voluntary subscription, from his starving fellow countrymen, is sufficient to excite the contempt of every honourable mind. And this he does, not only knowing the destitute state of those from whom it is raised, and the means by which it is too often obtained, but without even the Jesuitical plea of necessity, as he is well aware that the honest exercise of his own profession would insure him not only independence but wealth.

But I am not writing a political treatise, much less a Life of Daniel O'Connell; and therefore will not detail the many other reasons which must for ever sink him in the estimation of all impartial persons. Circumstances have, at

any rate, made him one of the most noted men of his day; and I therefore could not pass near his residence without wishing to take a nearer survey of what may in some measure be considered "classic ground." I accordingly sent my baggage direct on to Sneem, and rode up to the house. I observe he now calls it "Derrinane Abbey;" but the real abbey is at about a mile's distance, and his residence is known in the neighbourhood as Derrinane simply, or Derrinane House. It is an extensive pile, a most singular jumble of incongruous additions, part of it weather-slated, part of it aping the castellated style. I believe, though, that its accommodation within is much superior to its appearance without. There is some attempt at gardens and grounds immediately around it, but neither Nature nor western breezes have favoured the Liberator's improvements. In front is a boggy meadow; and beyond that a ridge of sand, which extends to the shore of the little bay. The situation is wild and se-

cluded, and therefore strikingly in contrast with the busy scenes in which Mr. O'Connell is usually occupied.

I rode round the house as near as I could without intruding, and while thus engaged was much surprised to see "the great O" coming out to meet me. I must do him the justice to say that he accosted me with the politeness of a gentleman and the hospitality of an Irishman; inviting me, in the kindest manner, as a stranger to dine and sleep at his house. This invitation, however, I was reluctantly compelled to decline, partly from feeling my time to be very limited; but chiefly from the arrangements I had made respecting my car and baggage, which were waiting for me at Sneem. He repeated the invitation more than once, in a manner that both showed he wished me to accept it, and also that he was not accustomed to be refused: but I obstinately withstood all his solicitations, much to my after regret: and thus lost an opportunity of seeing one of the most

remarkable men of his time, under peculiarly favourable circumstances.

I however gladly accepted his offer of refreshments, and accompanied him into the house. The drawing room, into which I was shown, is a new and spacious apartment: the furniture was neat, but nothing more. There were on the walls a few moderate engravings; some that appeared to be Austrian; one of General Devereux; another of Hely Hutchinson; another of the Princess Charlotte. But the two to which he chiefly directed my attention were a pair of engravings, representing the principal Founders of the Catholic Association: in the centre of the one stands himself; in the centre of the other, his only rival at these famous meetings, Richard Lalor Sheil.

This led to conversation about the different characters of each individual there portrayed, the portraits of himself, &c.; in the course of which he referred with much self-

complacency to the part he had played on the World's great stage; but more as a matter of history than of politics: it being his prudent maxim to exclude politics at his house, except when all are known to entertain the same opinions. His conversation was replete with anecdotes, chiefly legal; and was very lively, good-humoured, and pleasant.

I thought it was his evident wish to make a favourable impression on the Saxon stranger; and in that he certainly succeeded to some extent. Kindness and attention, I trust, I shall always appreciate, from whatever quarter they may come; but, when received from a man like Mr. O'Connell, without the slightest claim to his notice, they naturally dispose the heart to feel more kindly towards him who shows them. My impression of his private character was therefore somewhat softened by this glimpse of his domestic manners; corroborated as it was by the favourable accounts given me of him by his immediate neighbours of all ranks. But

my opinion of his public conduct, of course, remained exactly the same as before our interview; or, if anything, was only confirmed and strengthened.

O'Connell has been called ambitious. He doubtless is, in some degree, *ambitious:* but I should say that he is infinitely more *vain*. Vanity, as far as I can judge, is the leading characteristic of his disposition; and self, in some shape or other, his great end and aim. I sincerely believe, that what most gratified him on obtaining the Catholic Relief Bill was not for the relief it would afford Ireland, which he was much too shrewd not to know was one of words only for the great mass of his countrymen; but to be able to say, "*I did it.*" And I am equally convinced that much the same motive influences him in his present war-note of "Repeal." He is infinitely too sagacious not to foresee that any such measure would inevitably cause the downfall of both countries. But its agitation at least serves to keep him in

the public eye and mouth; which long habits of vanity have rendered necessary to his happiness; as likewise to supply a popular theme for the *Rent-box*, which appears the *second* object of his thoughts.

But, in agitating the question of Repeal, O'Connell stands on very different ground to what he did as Champion of the Catholic Claims. He is not now backed by the ancient and respected Catholic Aristocracy, in unison with many wise and good Protestants. He is supported — with very few exceptions — only by those who have shown a subserviency to his views, as their passport to distinctions to which they were not otherwise entitled; and by a certain portion of that class, "*alieni appetentes*," who, ever since the days of Catiline, have been desirous of any violent change whatever, because it affords a hope of getting something in the general scramble.

Backed by such a party, in opposition to the wisest and best of both nations, with the recorded

iniquities of the Native Irish Legislature, and the evident solicitude for Irish interests of the United Parliament, placed in historical contrast to each other—under these circumstances, Mr. O'Connell may agitate the Repeal of the Union, so as to produce a sufficient profit to himself and mischief to the country; but not even he can expect to carry it. Powerful as he is to wield the Catholic Democracy, the interests of the two countries have become too much identified for him to sever them. The application of steam has contributed more than a hundred pieces of parchment to unite England and Ireland together: and if they are not entirely and altogether one, it is (next to a single other great cause) mainly attributable to Mr. O'Connell.

That other cause is the difference of religion in the two countries; or rather the unfortunate existence of the Roman Catholic Faith among the majority of the lower orders in Ireland. As long as these continue really Romanists, they will never thoroughly amalgamate with

their Protestant brethren. But I confidently hope that Popery will not very long prevail in Ireland. It may, or may not, linger in name; but I feel assured that they who live twenty years hence will witness a total alteration of its essential doctrines and practice. A very large proportion of the adults by that time will be educated, and more or less informed: and to that I trust, under God's blessing, for an approximation at least upon the most momentous of all subjects, and the rejection of most of the objectionable parts of Roman Catholicism. Then, *and I now fear not till then*, will order, and law, and consequent prosperity, be firmly established in Ireland.

The only semblance of a more respectable party joining O'Connell in the cry for Repeal has been a demonstration on the part of some of the most violent Protestants. If their professed wish for the dissolution of the Union be anything more than an intention to intimidate the Government, it can only arise from the

desire of revenging themselves, Samson-like, for their real or supposed wrongs, by the ruin of Great Britain; for not even the most violent and most short-sighted Orangemen can imagine that their condition would be improved by that measure.

The Repeal of the Union, if effected at all, must be effected by the Democracy; and the first measure, after establishing a democratical native legislature in Dublin, would be the seizure of all church property, and the transferring more or less of it to the Roman Catholic priesthood: the *second* would be the confiscation of all estates belonging to Absentees, accompanied or followed by the *resumption* of all the forfeited lands.

It is impossible not to see that a large portion of the Protestants of Ireland consider themselves unjustly treated by the British Government; and very many of them seem to look forward to times of tribulation and persecution, if not martyrdom, for their religion,

such as would recal the memory of the earliest days of the Church. I hope, nay, fully believe, that they are mistaken in these gloomy anticipations; but when will come the time that religious differences shall no longer set one class of Irish against their brethren, and Ireland against the rest of our common country? I trust that that glorious time will certainly arrive; but it cannot be conjured up by any legerdemain of Legislation; it must follow the gradual education and enlightenment of the People.

This digression has already been much too long; but, before I entirely quit the subject, I must express my deliberate conviction that Ireland has very much improved within the last few years, although not nearly to the extent she ought to have done. Such are her natural resources and capabilities, and so long have they been lying, as it were, fallow, that neither the crime-inducing system of agitation, nor the ignorance-cherishing genius of Popery, has been able to repress them. All Mr.

O'Connell's mis-statements and sophistries cannot rail the seal of truth from the Parliamentary returns, which attest the improving state of the country: and in no direction can the tourist travel, without observing evidence of the same fact in the many public works completed, or in progress, the greatly extended means of internal communication, the confessedly better administration of justice, the manifest improvements on most large properties, the better clothing and cheaper necessaries of the lower orders, and, above all, the increasing diffusion of education among the same.

These, and many other similar signs of improvement, must, I conceive, be admitted by any impartial person acquainted with what Ireland was and is. But still, I again and again repeat, that they are not at all commensurate with her capabilities, nor with what I earnestly trust she will attain, when she shall have broken through those trammels to which I have above alluded.

It was impossible to avoid referring to the present state and future prospects of Ireland, while speaking of the man with whom her fate for weal or woe has been so much linked; and, feeling deeply for the interests of Ireland, as I am sure does every Englishman, I could not help declaring the result of my observations on some of the subjects that at present most concern her welfare.

CHAPTER VI.

Bad Roads — Steg Fort—Its probable destination — Kenmare River and Town — Glengarriffe — Beauty of the Glen and Bay — Captain White's Demesne — Nocturnal Adventure — Arrival at Bantry.

But to return to my narrative. The distance from Derrinane to Sneem is about eight miles; and there is a road lately made near the shores of Kenmare Bay, by which carriages can very easily approach within three or four miles of the Liberator's residence; nearer than that it is not possible for them to go, except by the aid of a great number of men. I preferred, however, the old road, which passes among the mountains, that I might have an opportunity of visiting a very remarkable

monument of the olden time, called Steg Fort.

I was prepared by description to encounter a bad road; but its actual roughness and steepness exceeded my worst anticipations. Immediately after crossing the short plain at the head of Derrinane's little creek, I came to a rugged mountain's side, up which I had to climb by a rocky path, so full of stones and holes, that my pony, mountaineer as he was, experienced no small difficulty in picking his way. This continued for some miles, with only the alternations of steep ascents and worse descents.

I meanwhile inquired repeatedly and anxiously for Steg Fort; and, wherever I was fortunate in meeting with a person that spoke English, was sure to receive the readiest and most good-humoured, though not always the clearest, direction. I was entirely alone, in the wildest part of the wildest province in Ireland, but felt the fullest assurance that, as

a stranger, I had not the slightest chance of experiencing anything but civility and hospitality.

The scenery around me was of the most savage character, displaying nothing but barren, broken rocks: while to my right lay a considerable plain, extending to the picturesque banks of the Kenmare River, which was seen basking in sunshine, and dotted with numerous fishing-boats. In this wide expanse, there appeared scarcely a trace of the habitation of man, except the two pretty looking mansions of Castle Cove and White Strand, on the shore of the estuary.

I must acknowledge that such complete solitude, in a wild but beautiful country, has great charms for me. It doubtless is not good for man to live always alone, but it surely is beneficial occasionally to commune with one's own heart and God, in these lonely sanctuaries of Nature. Such occasional communings give give a more elevated tone both to the feelings and the intellect; exciting thoughts, senti-

ments, aspirations, and, I may add, resolutions, which would have lain for ever dormant in cities and the busy haunts of men. Who is there that in such situations has not felt, though he could not have expressed, those breathings of the soul, embodied in such eloquent language by Lord Byron?

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal."

But a truce to such reveries, which, however harmonizing with the scenery through which I this day passed, may not seem so well suited to these pages.

At length I discovered the object of my search at the upper end of a lateral valley to my left, and at about a mile's distance from the road: therefore, leaving my horse with a

cottager, I walked up to it. A model of this remarkable antiquity may be seen at the Museum of the Royal Society in Dublin; but which, having been made some years ago (as Dan O'Connell assured me) from Mr. Leslie Foster's description only, is not quite correct.

The Fort is a perfectly circular building, composed of stones very well put together, without any mortar. Its interior diameter is about ninety feet; and the internal height of the walls, where perfect, nearly twenty feet: they are very thick, and considerably higher on the outside. There are very evident traces of several double flights of steps from the inside to the top of the wall: and their form and disposition decidedly corroborate Mr. O'Connell's opinion, in opposition to Mr. Foster's theory, as to the original destination of this building.

Mr. Foster imagines that it was intended for an amphitheatre: but it is not necessary to have seen the Coliseum to be convinced by the

appearance of these steps that such could not have been its use; they were evidently designed to enable defenders to run up and down from the rampart, not to afford accommodation to spectators. Mr. O'Connell's conviction is that it was built as a place of refuge, in case of any sudden inroad from the pirates, so common in former times. For this purpose, both its plan and its situation seem very appropriate. It stands on a gentle eminence, in the bosom of a lonely, pastoral valley, about four or five miles from the sea, of which it commands a view. From its position and height, it would be easily defended, before the invention of gunpowder: and, from its size, would contain most of the population and cattle of this thinly inhabited neighbourhood.

There is only one low and narrow entrance, just sufficient to admit the small Kerry cows to crop the short herbage within the verdant area. I observed two small cavities excavated in the massive walls: and I thought I had understood

from Mr. O'Connell that there are cellars underneath; but I could perceive no traces of such.

In these my antiquarian researches I was alone and unassisted: for, though many of the natives were staring at me from a distance on all sides, none would approach me. I examined this singular structure with great care for some time, both internally and externally, mounted the still firm walls, and sent my thoughts into the depth of the remote ages in which it was reared. It is well calculated to excite a strong interest, even in so unlearned an antiquarian as myself; not merely from its architectural claims to notice, or its secluded yet romantic situation; but much more from the mystery that overhangs its origin and destination, and the tale it tells of a considerable people of old passed away unchronicled and without their fame.

Having satisfied my curiosity, I returned to my pony; and endeavoured to make the best of

my way to Sneem, from which I was three or four miles distant. My velocity, however, was not commensurate with my desires; the road being one of the very worst it has ever been my fate to traverse: and, in addition to its steepness and roughness, so interspersed with sloughs and bogholes, as to be necessarily impassable in wet weather. Notwithstanding all these impediments, I at length arrived safe at Sneem; where I found my baggage, and the Kenmare car waiting for me. I lost no time in swallowing a mouthful of bread and a drop of the cratur at a very inferior public house; and immediately started for Kenmare, or, as the town is usually here called, *Neddeen*. The distance was fourteen or fifteen Irish miles: and, the road being tolerably good, we performed it in rather more than three hours.

Nothing could exceed the beauty of the evening; and many of the views which I obtained of the scenery bordering the Kenmare River were characterized by great softness and

grandeur. It was, however, evident that, as by far the noblest mountains are on the Kerry side of the estuary, whoever would see its beauties to the greatest advantage must view it from the opposite shore, or, which perhaps would be still better, from a boat on its surface.

It was nearly dark when I came upon the romantic gorge through which the Blackwater pours its rapid stream: and therefore, as I had many much better opportunities of observing it afterwards, I will not allude to the impressions the first sight of it excited. A mile or two further on, I slightly diverged from the main road, to leave a letter of introduction, with which I had been favoured, to the principal proprietor of this neighbourhood, the Rev. Denis Mahony. Unfortunately for me, he was not at home: but, through a friend of his at Kenmare, I obtained ample permission to angle in the Blackwater, which he preserves rather strictly.

At Kenmare, I went to a very tolerable inn, kept by a man named Sullivan; but, having satisfied myself that in the present dry weather it would be useless to attempt fishing, I determined not to remain here for the present, but to pay first my intended visit to Glengarriffe and Bantry; giving the western breezes forty-eight hours to brew a little wind and rain, which in this climate they can generally do in half the time.

Accordingly, leaving every thing but the few necessaries that I could carry in a fishing basket, early the next morning, Saturday, September 7, I embarked on board a pony, for Glengarriffe, which is about eleven miles from Kenmare. For the first five or six miles the road is level and good; but the latter half passes over so steep and rugged a mountain, that, if I had not known the fact of carriages crossing it, I should certainly have thought it quite impossible. This is, however, frequently done, and with heavy carriages, too; but only

with the assistance of the peasants, who, during the fine season, are on the look-out for jobs of this sort.

After passing under a long avenue of overarching trees, which the intense heat of the sun rendered peculiarly grateful, about two miles from the town, I turned directly to the right; and soon after crossed the Kenmare River, which would afford most excellent angling, if it were not so much poached. I then entered the broad Vale, through which flows the river Sha: and, in the savage chain of mountains that rose before me, could distinguish, to my left, the wild pass that leads by the Priest's Leap to Bantry; and to my right, the rocky path, by which I was to win my toilsome way to Glengarriffe. I will not enlarge on the details of the scenery, which were sufficiently interesting to me as I leisurely rode through them, but would hardly be so in description.

The Vale, which at first had been spacious

and cultivated, gradually became narrower and more bleak: until at last I came to the real ascent, which is very abrupt and severe. Half way up, I was joined by a volunteer guide, who gave me such information about his own and the adjoining mountains as his imperfect knowledge of English would permit. From the summit of the pass, he conducted me to a neighbouring height, which commanded an extensive and fine view; comprising on the one side the Kerry Mountains, though not under their most imposing aspects; and on the other, the lovely Bay of Bantry, with a part of Glengarriffe's woods and shores.

The descent was long and steep; but by no means so bad as the ascent. About two or three miles from the summit commenced Glengarriffe's luxuriant plantations, through which I had to ride a considerable distance to an inn, most delightfully situated near the sea-shore. Being impatient to examine the beauties of this celebrated place, I ordered a late dinner,

and instantly set out on my tour in search of the picturesque, under the guidance of a very simple, though well-meaning Cicerone.

The fame of Glengarriffe stands very high with the few who have visited it; many of whom prefer it to anything that can be seen at Killarney. To this I cannot subscribe. The scenery is highly romantic, picturesque, and beautiful: but still it does not in my opinion by any means equal the harmonious loveliness of Killarney's Lakes. I thought so, when I had Glengarriffe's glorious scenes before me; and I thought so, still more strongly, on my return to Killarney.

Glengarriffe Bay is a lateral branch, that runs up into the mountains, from the north-eastern termination of the noble and spacious Bay of Bantry. It is upon its shores that Captain White has erected a handsome castle, and formed his celebrated grounds. At the head of this little Bay, lies the real Glen of Glengarriffe, in which Lord Bantry has built a small sporting

lodge. It was to this latter I paid my first visit.

How shall I attempt to describe this Glen? It is in scenery like this that I more than ever feel my utter incompetence to convey any worthy idea of its distinctive character to the reader. I can only describe it as a wide spreading and winding vale, inclosed on all sides by very lofty but very dissimilar mountains; the summits of which are broken and bare, but the skirts clothed with an abundance of native wood; among which the arbutus is frequently seen: while, from the bosom of the vale itself, rise several insulated knolls, which are also well timbered. If it were possible to flood the ugly bogland that intervenes, and convert these knolls into fairy islets; at the same time carrying the waters through the recesses of the valley, to the very foot of the mountains — in that case, Killarney would have a dangerous rival; but, as it is, I think there is no comparison between the two scenes.

I first strolled along a streamlet's side, through some pretty scenery, to Lord Bantry's cottage, which looks well on its round green hillock, embowered in wood; but it commands no view, from having its front turned the wrong way. I next ascended two or three of the above-mentioned islets of the plain, in order to obtain the best *coup d'œil* of the whole landscape: nor was I disappointed. One considerable branch of this spacious Glen extends towards the north, and contains the Deer Park. Another much narrower valley runs to the south-west, into the very heart of the mountains; and, from the distant view I had of it, seemed to be distinguished by the grandest features of the entire panorama. The cliffs and crags which confine it appeared singularly bold and romantic: one in particular, called the Eagle's Rock, struck me as especially magnificent. I felt convinced that this part of the Glen would abundantly reward the trouble of exploring it: and I was therefore much grieved

that its distance, and my limited time, forbade my attempting to reach it. It is in this direction, but about eight or ten miles off, that the celebrated mountain, called from its form and colour the Sugar Loaf, is situated; from whose lofty top there is said to be a most splendid prospect.

Having satiated my eye with the varied features of this superb picture, I returned along the cliffs, nearer the sea, which gave me the opportunity of admiring the scenery under new aspects; and I reached the inn after a three hours' ramble. I had been greatly pleased with what I had seen: but, as I wish always honestly to record my impressions, I must also confess that I had experienced some slight disappointment, after the very extravagant encomiums I had heard lavished on Glengarriffe.

I know not whether it might unconsciously be owing to this partial disappointment, but I certainly did not feel altogether satisfied with many things about the inn, which I had also

heard greatly overpraised. Upon my very slightly hinting this dissatisfaction to the waiter, the landlord himself provoked a discussion, which, however well meant on my part, was not received as I could have wished. His violent and ill-judged manner did not at all mend the matters in dispute. It is so very seldom that I have had reason in Ireland to feel, or to express any disapprobation of my landlord's treatment; and I saw that my motives were so totally misunderstood, that I own I was considerably annoyed. However, a few minutes' ride along Glengarriffe's shores on such a lovely evening as that which lighted me on my way to Bantry, would, I trust, obliterate all traces of much more serious annoyances than an indifferent dinner, an impudent host, and exorbitant charges.

A short mile from the inn stands Captain White's Castle. It is a handsome building; but is still more remarkable for the romantic beauty of the grounds by which it is sur-

rounded, and the captivating views it commands of Glengarriffe and Bantry Bays. This demesne is formed upon the sides of a verdant hill, which slopes gently down to the sea-shore. It is enriched with luxuriant wood, amid which openings, and walks, and glades, and flower gardens, have been planned with much judgment, and are preserved with more care than is always conspicuous in an Irish show place.

But the part of the landscape to which the eye ever reverts with the greatest pleasure is the Bay, with the noble assemblage of rocks and mountains that enclose it. This northern coast of Bantry Bay is peculiarly magnificent. The mountains are very steep, very lofty, and very rugged. Their outline is most picturesquely broken, their forms endlessly diversified, and their several ranges thrown together in most harmonious irregularity.

The rocks which immediately environ the Bay of Glengarriffe descend in general pre-

cipitously into the sea; from out whose azure waters rise several islands, the principal of which is crowned by a fort, now fast going to decay. To the left, this lovely sheet of water opens into the parent Bay of Bantry; and, to the right, is closed by the glen and woods through which I had strolled in the morning.

If from these elements of beauty the reader cannot picture to himself a scene of surpassing loveliness, the fault must be mine; for, under Nature's plastic hand, they combine to adorn one of the most picturesque spots that can be seen in our islands — second only to the matchless wonders of Killarney.

If any one doubt the truth of a remark I before made, respecting the difficulty — I would say impossibility — of conveying by words a definite idea of the individual features of a complicated landscape, I would only request him to seat himself for a summer's morn upon any of the heights that command the Bay and Vale of Glengarriffe, to drink in the various principles

of grandeur and loveliness with which these scenes abound; and then, while his soul was yet glowing with those characters of beauty, to attempt to transfer them to the written page, and impress upon another's mind a distinct conception of the picture which had so charmed his own. Would any thing but a vague though pleasing image of a magnificent association of rock, and wood, and vale, and mountain, be the result?

I should strenuously advise the tourist, who has leisure, to remain a few days at Glengarriffe, and make himself familiar with its romantic scenery, which, I am conscious, I viewed much too cursorily. In addition to the main features, to which I have alluded, he will find many charming details in the immediate environs, many most interesting excursions at greater or lesser distances, that will amply gratify his love of the picturesque; while, if he be an angler, he may enjoy some amusement in the Lakes of Mount Caha, on the one side, or of Inchigula,

on the other: the former of which are said to contain an abundance of brown trout, the latter some of the largest pike in Ireland.

I lingered long on the hill-side, by Captain White's Castle, to gaze upon the splendid panorama of sea and mountain which the sun, then fast sinking in unclouded radiance towards his ocean-bed, invested with additional charms; clothing the Bay's winding shores in a panoply of golden light, while he cast a deeper and a darker horror over the precipices and gorges of the mountains. I could not tear myself away from the scene, which changed momently under my gaze, and which each change seemed to render still lovelier. Gradually the rich hues of sunset melted into a chaster and more sober light, insensibly blending with the empyreal azure. The gigantic masses of the mountain ranges were projected across the clear heavens with taller height and more defined outline; until, at length, the young moon, with her choral train of attendant stars, modestly entered

the deserted sky, and silently assumed her gentle empire.

Beneath her mild light I pursued my way to Bantry, which was distant about seven or eight miles. The road was good, though passing through a wild country, and, therefore, I cared little for the absence of the sun, except that I was thereby prevented from admiring the beauties of Bantry Bay.

About two or three miles, however, before reaching the town, I was near meeting with something like an adventure. It had been market-day at Bantry, and numbers were returning home more or less under the influence of whisky. I had encountered many parties giving vent to their joyous good-fellowship in songs and shouts, and met with nothing but the greatest civility; when suddenly, as I was passing up a dark avenue, I distinguished sounds not quite so good-tempered as usual just before me, and, in an instant afterwards, heard a car come galloping violently towards me, with a

man in it vociferating ten thousand murders. It being quite dark, I stopped short in front of a cottage that was close by to let him pass; but, unfortunately, the carman also turned sharp into the same court where I was, and almost upset me.

Having luckily escaped immersion in the soft heap, which an Irish cotter always puts *by way of ornament* before his cabin, I asked the man what was the matter that he galloped down the road at such a rate.

"The matter? is it the matter, your Honour? — Och, sure he had like to have been murthered entirely, by some bad boys up the road there, who were fighting together, and had kilt him with stones" — and he kindly promised me the same fate, if I persisted in going on my way.

I had, however, been too long in Ireland to have any such fears for myself, provided they knew that I was a stranger: I accordingly pursued my road very quietly, and soon came

to the spot, where some twenty or thirty fellows were quarrelling and fighting, more with words than with blows. There were three or four mounted on horseback, who seemed to be the most respectable of the party: and, wishing at once to invest myself with the safeguard that, in Ireland, always attaches to the character of a stranger — (for which I knew I had but to open my mouth,) I at once rode up to one of them, and good-humouredly asked him what all the noise was about.

At the foreign tones of my voice, Irish curiosity neutralized Irish pugnacity, and they all crowded round me, and answered, "it was only two or three of the boys that had had a quarrel among themselves; but that it was nothing at all, at all."

I recommended them to be friends, and to go home; and then told them the murderous account that the man I had just left had given me.

"Oh! the big liar!" they all exclaimed; "the thief of the world! Your Honour may be sure that there's no danger for you, nor for any one else, from us, your Honour. It's we that 'll go back, our own selves, with you, to the town, and see that you don't meet with any harm at all — that we shall, and willingly too."

And several of them actually turned, and for some time persisted in their determination to accompany me back into Bantry. I thanked them most warmly for their kind-hearted offer, but assured them I had known Irishmen too long and too well ever to fear trusting myself as a stranger among them anywhere.

This seemed to please them excessively: they regularly cheered me on parting; and the excitement produced by this little scene entirely put an end to the fight.

CHAPTER VII.

Bantry Bay and Town — The Priest's Leap — Fishing in Lough Brinn — Blackwater River — Kenmare Town — Return to Killarney — Beauty of the Road.

At Bantry, I was comfortably lodged at a tolerable inn, kept by one Mr. Godson. The next day was Sunday; but, as the church service rarely commences in Ireland before twelve o'clock, I did not think I should be the worse prepared for the duties of the day by previous contemplation of some of my Maker's most glorious works. Accordingly, after an early breakfast, I sallied forth, and strolled along the shore towards some heights, that promised to afford the most favourable view of the neighbouring scenery.

Almost immediately beyond the town, I passed under the Hanging Lawn, on which stands Bantry House. It is well situated, and appears to be a good family mansion; but, being built of common slate stone, and its sides being weather-slated, its external aspect is gloomy. It is surrounded by well-timbered grounds, and an upland park, on whose green herbage numerous deer were seen feeding.

A little further, I came to an old abbey, half hidden in aged trees, at the foot of a gentle hill, from whose summit it seemed evident I must command an extensive prospect. Nor was I disappointed; for Bantry Bay, in all its length and breadth, its blue waters, and its many islands, its smiling shores and its encircling girdle of stern mountains, lay before me. And a splendid panorama it was, detaining me in musing delight until the hour for church.

Very little of Glengarriffe, or of Captain White's demesne, is seen from this point: but

behind them rises a long chain of the Esk Mountains, upon whose rocky sides I could distinctly mark the winding track by which I was to win my toilsome way, through the pass called "the Priest's Leap," to Kenmare. And, extending from the Esk range westwards, appeared in all their untamed majesty before me the endless congeries of wild mountains, which hold Glengarriffe within their rocky fastnesses, and form the northern barrier of Bantry Bay. *There* stood the quartzose Sugarloaf, but divested of his cone-like appearance; and there also rose the celebrated Hungry Mountain, down whose blanched precipices Adrigol's Cataract of a thousand feet is said to roll its silvery stream: owing to the driness of the weather, however, I could not distinguish any trace of it, even with a good glass.

Near the western extremity of this range lie the island and small town of Beerhaven, from which Lord Bantry's eldest son takes his title. It possesses some curiosities in its neighbour-

hood, which an intelligent and hospitable gentleman, who resides there, would have persuaded me to visit had my time permitted. There are, near Beerhaven, very considerable copper-works, rented by an English company; who send great quantities of ore to be smelted at Swansea.

Almost all the mountains within my ken were remarkably arid and rocky: and, while gazing on their serrated ridges and bare gray sides, I was forcibly impressed with a resemblance that had before struck me between the Kerry Coast and the north-western shores of Italy. But it was no time to call up dreams of fair and far Italy. The numerous white-sailed boats, seen stretching across from every point of the Bay towards the town of Bantry, warned me that it was the hour of prayer: and I hastened to pay my public homage to Him that had made these scenes so passing lovely, with a heart, I humbly trust, not altogether unattuned to so solemn a duty.

The Church is new, and very neat on the outside; but the interior is much too narrow. The congregation was large, and very respectable. The clergyman gave a pious and feeling discourse on behalf of the Infant School, which he represented as in great danger of being closed, from a deficiency in the trifling funds required for its support. The whole expenses amounted only to five pounds, of which three individuals, he said, subscribed three pounds; leaving but forty shillings to be made up by the parish at large. It did not reflect any credit in my eyes on the numerous assembly before me, that there should be any difficulty in raising so small a sum: and, grieved indeed should I be to think that, for the want of it, these little innocents should be again exposed to the contamination of evil example and sabbath-breaking, which the preacher so affectingly described, and of which I saw but too much, even during my short stay.

I just cast a look at the principal streets of

the town, which are rather neater than usual in the provinces; and where I was glad to observe new and still neater houses in progress: and then walked down to the little Port, in which, to my great surprise, there was but one brig, besides small craft. This instance of commercial inactivity in so noble a harbour, connected with so populous a district, astonished while it pained me: but, as I could obtain no satisfactory solution of its cause, I must leave the fact as I found it.

It had been my intention to return to Kenmare immediately after the service; but I was detained by an interesting and useful conversation upon the state of the poor in Ireland, and the measures best adapted to their maintenance and melioration: upon which important points my companions, though extremely well acquainted with the subject, were by no means agreed; thereby giving me the better opportunity of eliciting truth and information. In consequence of this delay, it was four o'clock

before I started. The distance was called thirteen miles; which they told me I ought to accomplish in three hours. It took me, however, above five hours, with my very indifferent steed: and I was even then thankful to reach Kenmare in safety.

The first part of my journey lay along the same road that I had traversed in coming from Glengarriffe: but, as it was then dark, the beauties of the country were comparatively new to me. About five or six miles from Bantry I passed a Catholic chapel, singularly situated beneath an overhanging rock: and, almost immediately after, crossing a small bridge, turned to the right up the secluded Glen that leads to the Priest's Leap; a mountain-pass, that has its name from some foolish legend of a priest, pursued by the devil, having sprung from it across Bantry Bay.

From the little bridge to the top of the Pass is about three miles, of the very worst *road* I ever heard called by that name. In some parts,

it consists of nothing but the bare rough rock, with huge loose stones strewed over it: in others, it is a complete slough, which is totally impassable, even for mountain ponies, in any but very dry weather; carriages of course never attempting it. The ascent is also very steep; and the whole way is bordered with precipices, down which a "*facilis descensus*" would be infinitely more *easy* than agreeable. The Vale itself, seen far below, wears a wild and almost Alpine appearance; and is not without its charms, though of a rude and savage character.

It was quite a Claude Lorraine's evening; and the view from the summit was both extensive and interesting. While admiring it, I was joined by a good-humoured and intelligent cattle-dealer; who continued with me till we got far into the plain, and amused me by his humorous accounts of the country, the people, and his own adventures. I was glad to find the descent on this side much easier than the ascent had been; and, having safely accom-

plished it, I came upon the same road I had passed the day before in going to Glengarriffe, and pushed along my stumbling hack as fast as I dared. I have seldom been more delighted, than when, with hungry stomach, and aching but sound limbs, I jumped off his back, before Mr. Sullivan's door.

My impression of these two roads to Glengarriffe and Bantry is that they are certainly fine mountain-passes of *the second rank:* but the rocks are not sufficiently bold to render them greatly imposing, or at all sublime.

The geological formation of this district consists almost exclusively of varieties of slate and quartz: but, in the vale near the town of Kenmare, is a singular and narrow bed of limestone, which is conveyed to great distances, for the purpose of manure.

My chief object in stopping at Kenmare was to have a day or two's angling in the Blackwater; of whose fame for both sea-trout and salmon I had heard much. The fine dry

weather, however, which we had experienced for some time, forbade any expectation of sport: and the splendid sunset I had witnessed from Esk Mountain seemed to foretel a long continuance of the same. But such is the fickleness of this climate, that when I rose the next morning, the weather had totally changed; and a drizzling rain had already commenced. I consequently lost no time in calling to my councils a fisherman of the name of Pat Donovan, who had been previously recommended to me.

Donovan assured me that the Blackwater itself was much too low to afford the slightest chance of success; and he therefore persuaded me to try the small lake, from which the river issues. It is called Lough Brinn; and is situated in the mountains, about eleven or twelve miles from Kenmare. The first half of the road passes along the shores of Kenmare Bay; but, the latter part being very rough and boggy, it took us more than three hours to reach it in a car.

Lough Brinn is about a mile and a half in circumference, and lies at the foot of a semi-circular range of mountains, whose lofty precipices give an imposing air of grandeur to its scenery. Few or no salmon are ever able to ascend quite up to it: but it is full of white trout, which will insure sport on any tolerable day. Unluckily for me, during the two or three hours that I remained there, not a breeze stirred the lake; while a dull, heavy, silent rain ceaselessly poured upon us, and soon drenched us all to the skin. Added to this, our miserable boat let in the water faster than we could bail it out: so that, with all my perseverance and love of fishing, I was forced to exclaim, "The heart, mistrusting, asks if this be joy." By the merest chance, I caught a single white trout, of about one pound and a quarter; besides a few small *gubbahawns*.

The only sport we had was supplied by my new friend, Mr. Pat Donovan; who endeavoured to show off his wit at the expense of

the young mountaineer, who officiated as our boatman. This youth was an O'Sullivan, of course, for they are all O'Sullivan's in these parts, and appeared to have seldom left his native glen, or seen any strangers, except the few whom the love of angling might occasionally have brought to his Lake. He was, therefore, a capital butt for Donovan; who racked his invention for incredibilities, wherewith to cram him; and certainly succeeded in his evident aim to amuse me.

I soon discovered that Pat Donovan was really a clever man; and, very perceptibly, not less so in his own estimation. I have indeed seldom met with one gifted with a more overweening idea of himself. He is by profession a smith, but by disposition a gentleman, and by inclination a fisherman, and throws a line not much amiss; besides which, he has a very good natural or acquired knowledge of the habits and haunts of fish, and of the practical maxims of angling. He is also a performer on

the violin and the bugle; which, joined to his lively convivial disposition, has naturally led him into dissipated company and habits of drinking. I rather think that, during the few days we were together, he began to suspect there might be others in the wide world who knew as much about angling, both practically and scientifically, as himself. But infinitely more gratified should I be, to think that I had equally succeeded in convincing him of the folly and sin of drunkenness. I tried to dissuade him from it: and at least thought I partly succeeded.

What with our want of sport, the wet from above and from below, as well as a cold three hours' drive home, we returned that evening greatly disheartened. However, a good dinner, a good fire, and a good glass of punch, much recruited our spirits: and we began to augur well for the morrow, from the continued splash of heavy rain.

We were accordingly in good time at the Blackwater Bridge; although it still rained

hard. The water was too foul when we first arrived; but it cleared rapidly, and towards the afternoon was in excellent order. We commenced about a mile above the bridge, at some pools which are always stocked with fish, but require a breeze and a flood to induce the salmon to rise. We fished about two miles up from this point, and back again. We had some very good sport with the trout, both white and brown; of which we rose great numbers, and altogether basketed twenty nine fish, weighing exactly thirty-two pounds. But, to our great surprise, we did not kill a single salmon; and it was doubtful whether we even moved one. We could not account for this; as there was no doubt that there were plenty of them in the river; and the latter part of the day was sufficiently favourable.

I hooked one fish, which, from the curl he made on taking the fly, the strength he displayed, and the rapidity with which he ran me a hundred yards down the river, through pools

and currents, we were all convinced was a fresh peel or young salmon. When, however, I at length brought him to, we were infinitely astonished at finding him to be only a white trout, of about three pounds weight. Donovan gaffed him for me: but, in raising the fish up the bank, his foot slipped, and he let the poor brute drop off the gaff into the water. My character for good temper rose highly with my attendants, because I did not throw my rod into the river, or commit any other outrageous extravagance on the occasion; like some gentlemen whom they had been in the habit of accompanying.

I think I never lost more fish than I did this day. By far the greater number fell to my share: but Donovan had the luck to kill the two largest fish; one, a white trout, of above four pounds, and the other, a magnificent brown trout, of three pounds and a half. I also killed a brown trout, of rather more than two pounds and a half, and a white trout of

nearly three pounds in weight. I was surprised to find how difficult it is to distinguish sea-trout that have been long in the fresh water. We caught several this day, which had so completely the colour and spots of brown or river trout, that I should unhesitatingly have pronounced them to be such, had not the judges unanimously decided that they were sea or white trout, which had been a length of time in the river. We had altogether a handsome basket of fish to show on our return: but had anticipated even greater sport, particularly with the salmon.

It was at any rate enough to induce me to remain another day, when I was led to expect that the river would be in still better order. It fell, however, so rapidly during the night, that, upon arriving early the next morning on its banks, we found it already too low for our sport. The day besides was too bright, and the breeze too moderate. Still there were hours when both clouds and wind sufficiently

favoured us: and therefore the little sport that we had only served to convince me, for the hundredth time, what an uncertain and capricious amusement the angler's is, even in the best stocked streams. We only killed three trout the whole day, which weighed five pounds. The sole and selfish satisfaction we had was to learn that, although eight or ten fishermen were out the same day, they none of them had better success.

The lower part of the river proving so unpropitious, we walked up to a chain of stagnant and deep pools, situated in a boggy plain, about a mile below Lough Brinn. This is the highest point to which the salmon ascend; but the sea-trout, as I have before said, mount quite into the lake. These pools are narrow, and overgrown with water-lilies, so dangerous to the angler. They are at all times full of fine fish, which do not, however, always rise freely. I rose several large trout, but only killed one, which weighed rather more than three pounds.

We dined in a picturesque spot, adjoining these pools, surrounded by an amphitheatre of rocks and mountains, above all which peered the highest point of the Reeks. Having requested a neighbouring farmer to *send* us a few boiled potatoes, he, very kindly, himself *brought* us a tub full of most excellent ones, capitally cooked, and in quantity enough for a regiment: he also produced a bottle of new milk; for all which the good-natured man could not be persuaded to accept a trifle by way of remuneration. He seemed to think himself amply repaid by being allowed to partake of our provisions and whisky, and, still more, to talk with the foreign gentleman, and to see his wonderful inventions.

I have before recommended the tourist-sportsman never to be without some good tobacco on his expeditions. I would also most strongly advise him always to have some ingenious invention or other, that the natives are not likely to have before seen. I had

with me, on this occasion, the patent Prometheans, (for lighting cigars, &c.,) which often caused great wonderment and amusement. Let me also recommend the stranger to take the first opportunity of mentioning his name and place of abode; for, however little these things can any way concern them, the mountaineers, who seldom stir far from home, like, above all things, to be able to tell their gaping families at night that they have been with such a gentleman, who came from such and such a place, and showed them such wonderful things! To this my advice it must be unnecessary to add the advantage of showing good humour and affability to those with whom you may come in contact; because, not only on a wild tour, but on all occasions, these qualities are as befitting and valuable as they are easily practised. Nothing costs less, and nothing passes for more.

After our amusing dinner we walked straight down the river, to see the picturesque scenery

at its mouth. The whole course of the Blackwater, from Lough Brinn to Kenmare Bay, is about five or six miles. It mostly passes through a rather flat and open plain, and contains a great number of deep pools, very favourable for fishing when there is a strong breeze. It is very strictly preserved by the sole owner, the Rev. D. Mahony, of Dromore. This gentleman has a fishery at the river mouth, where great quantities of salmon are taken with nets; but, as there is no weir to prevent their running up, a plentiful supply is insured after every flood.

The latter part of the Blackwater's course is very romantic: the stream, which flows through a tame plain, here enters a fine, rocky defile, and pours its waters into the estuary, between narrow and very steep walls of rock, overhung with luxuriant foliage. Exactly at the narrowest and most picturesque point, a lofty arch has been thrown across, which, in some measure, recals the recollection of the

Devil's Bridge, near Aberystwith. Immediately beneath it, is a famous salmon-leap, down which the foaming waters rush into the still, dark pool below, and at once are hushed into silence. It is a grand gorge, and a striking scene, whether viewed from above or from beneath.

After examining it, I returned to Kenmare, along the well remembered shore of its beautiful Bay, enjoying the picturesque combinations of mountain and wood, of rock and sea, which this drive displays. The evening was most lovely, and told me, in characters of rosy and vermilion light, that I must not throw away any of the few remaining fine days of the season, but hasten to complete my survey of what I yet wished to see in Ireland.

The morning's sky did not bely the advice of the preceding day; but, robed in cloudless radiance, seemed smilingly to whisper, "How beautiful would look Killarney's Lakes in such

weather as I can promise you for this day at least!" I accordingly settled with my late attendants, from all of whom I received more than the usual expressions of gratitude and good wishes, and started in a car, by the new road, to Killarney.

But, by the way, whilst we are rattling through the streets of Kenmare, I may take this opportunity, the last I shall have, of giving a hasty description of the town itself. It is situated in a low, fertile valley, at the very head of the long estuary which bears its name, but does not appear to enrich it with much commerce or trade. It is of no great size; but what streets there are, are broad, and the houses tolerably well-built. To my no small astonishment, I learned that Lord Kenmare does not possess a single acre in the place, which belongs entirely to the Marquess of Lansdowne, whose resident agent, Mr. Hickson, has a good-looking house, outside the town.

For the first four or five miles after leaving Kenmare, the ascent is regular, but not very steep; and the scenery, though never extraordinarily grand, becomes gradually more interesting and wilder. At the very top of the ascent a wall of rock seemed to bar our further progress. Through this an opening has been hewn; upon emerging through which I was quite taken by surprise, at the very glorious prospect that at once broke upon me. In truth, completely as I thought I had seen the environs of Killarney, and prepared as I was for the vaunted beauties of this road, I was obliged to confess that I had not previously formed any adequate conception of the extreme loveliness of the whole drive from this point to the town.

This is the only approach to Killarney at all worthy of its picturesque scenery; so much so, that I should strongly recommend any tourists, who really wish to see it to advantage, to visit Glengarriffe first, and then cross

to Killarney, by this new road from Kenmare. If they have but fine weather for the drive, none at least who have any soul for Nature's loveliest scenes will at all regret the little *détour* they may have to make.

The day that I passed was splendid. The aërial tints had a transparency and brilliancy rarely witnessed in our climate; and the mountains not only wore no cloud upon their lofty brows, but seemed to stand forth in bold relief from the dark blue sky, with a clearness of chiselled outline, that increased their apparent height and proximity. There they stood, the Everlasting Hills, in "magnificently stern array," before me! the noblest monuments of their Maker's Omnipotence and Eternity, which this portion of His works, with which we are more immediately connected, exhibits.

Soon after, the Upper Lake gradually developed itself in all its beauty; and anon, the dells, and glens, and woods of Derricunnihy, with the amphitheatre of broken rocks that

encircle them, burst upon my view. Within these romantic glades lies a celebrated waterfall, which I thought it would be worth while to visit, as it was likely to be in high beauty after the late rains. There was indeed a considerably greater body of water than the usual summer average; but it would require much more to constitute it a fine cascade.

The stream tumbles over an inclined mass of rocks, without ever making any grand fall. It is enveloped in thickest shade of overarching arbutus, and ash, and oak, which conspire to form a sweet sylvan scene; but, as a waterfall, I think it decidedly inferior to either of its rivals, Turk or O'Sullivan's. About half a mile below it is a neat, unpretending cottage, belonging to Mr. Hyde, where parties are allowed to dine: it stands at a short distance above the Upper Lake, from which it is easily approached.

Rejoining my car, I drove leisurely along the shores of this superb sheet of water;

passed through the Tunnel, and beneath the noble Turk Mountain; and cast my eyes over the familiar features of the Middle and Lower Lakes, which, as they severally came in sight, spoke to my heart with the charm of recollected music.

CHAPTER VIII.

A second Glance at the Lakes of Killarney — Last Day's Angling — Attempted Apology for Fly-fishing — Feelings on leaving Killarney.

Upon arriving at Killarney, I of course went to my former quarters at Hegarty's; and was much gratified by the apparent delight with which my return was hailed by the former companions of my sport. James Doherty, in particular, declared that the sight of me had added ten years to his life; and I believe he felt it, at least for the moment.

The Irish feel much more rapidly, and express their feelings much more energetically, than our Saxon phlegm will allow us to do; resembling, in both respects, the vivacious

inhabitants of "the Sunny South," rather than our hyperborean constitutions. It is a necessary consequence that their impressions should not be equally durable: but I do not for this reason think it at all just to accuse them of insincerity. It would perhaps be more difficult to defend them from the charge of fickleness. The creatures of impulse, the strong feeling of *to-day* may drive out the sentiment that appeared to occupy their whole heart *yesterday;* but it does not by any means follow that therefore it was less sincerely felt at the time.

Being anxious to take one farewell glance at all my favourite haunts, I was early the next day on the Lake, with my usual crew. I had expected to find the woods dressed in the rich livery of Autumn; for, even before my departure, they had begun perceptibly to change colour. It seemed, however, that the late showers had freshened their tints; for, with the exception of a few beech here and

there, the foliage appeared almost as verdant as ever. My day's excursion was of the most delightful description. I felt, upon thus revisiting this enchanting spot, as if I had never thoroughly enjoyed its delicious scenery until now. Far from tiring by repetition, it pleased me more and more until my departure, which I consider a proof — as far, at least, as my taste goes — of its real and intrinsic perfection.

We of course took our rods with us; and, there being a good breeze, with clouds, expected capital sport: the Lake, too, was much higher than I had ever seen it, and rather discoloured. We tried a number of new salmon courses, round Cow, Crow, and Rough Islands, &c., without any success, until, at length, we came to my favourite spots round Innisfallen. Here the fish first began to show themselves: we had several rises, but they did not all take well. Doherty killed one, which weighed above eight pounds, and I killed two, of six pounds

and four pounds respectively. As each was gaffed, and raised into the boat, an Io Pæan of triumph rose from lake to sky, that startled the echoes of Eagle's Nest.

I had to-day a volunteer in the boat, of the name of Barrett: the same that is humourously described as a fisherman and ladies' shoemaker, in Crofton Croker's Legends. It seems that he had heard of my piscatorial prowess from very partial chroniclers; and was anxious both to see me angle, and to have some confabulation with me. I was happy to accommodate him in both his wishes, and found him an intelligent, amusing, and civil fellow. He has, besides, a good voice, and some notion of singing; and, as we had another vocalist in the boat, we often beguiled the intervals between fishing with an Irish song.

The next day I devoted to bringing up a long arrear of letters and journal; but found time to enjoy the lovely hues of evening, from

a much-loved station of mine, near some Scotch firs, a short half mile from the town, on the Cloghereen road. This is the best and almost the only point *near* Killarney, from which a favourable *coup d'œil* of the lake can be obtained. And I should certainly conduct the stranger first to it for a general view of the scenery, instead of to the Western Demesne, which is more distant, and does not by any means command so fine a prospect.

I had half determined to leave Killarney on the following Monday, but was easily persuaded to take one more farewell cast on its waters. The day was cloudy and windy; and our sport, in one respect, extraordinary: I never saw so many salmon rise at the fly, and so few hooked. We rose above twenty fish, and yet only killed a single salmon each. Doherty's weighed but four pounds; mine between seven and eight pounds. I also hooked another, but so close to the boat that I could

not sufficiently tighten my line in time, and he escaped. From the immense curl that two of them made in the water, they must have been very large fish: but in general they came up *moping* (as Doherty expressed it,) at the fly, without even opening their mouths to take it.

But, besides and infinitely more than all the sport, I was extremely gratified by this two days' survey of the exquisite scenery of these Lakes, after my temporary absence. I certainly think that I appreciated it more highly than at first, which might partly, perhaps, be attributable to causes independent of its own intrinsic loveliness. I deeply felt its picturesque beauties; but, in addition to these claims to my admiration, I had for three weeks enjoyed so many and such varied pleasures upon these romantic shores, that the sweet associations of memory added their mysterious enchantment to the natural charms of the place.

It is, indeed, a lovely spot! but cannot, I am very sure, be appreciated as it deserves in the short time that too many devote to it. The sight-seeing tourist may gallop through it in two or three days; but the real lover of Nature will linger as long as his other engagements permit. I had remained much longer than any visiter of the year; so as to be considered both by myself and others as almost a denizen of the place: but I now felt that I could delay no longer. I therefore, for the last time, cast my eyes over Killarney's lovely expanse of waters, its enchanting islets, its majestic mountains: and, beneath the mild radiance of the rising moon, glided across the placid waters of Ross Bay to our moorings beneath its aged Castle. We there sung our last songs, and, for the last time, evoked poor Paddy Blake's Echo. We all enjoyed the hour and scene so much, that some of the crew enthusiastically proposed to row back to Innisfallen and enjoy it over again.

If it be truly said, that no one ever looked upon even a hateful object, with the certainty that it was for the last time, without a feeling of regret, what might well be my emotions on giving a last look at a scene of matchless beauty, where I had spent so many and such happy hours!

I much fear that some of my readers, in perusing these sketches, will think that I have devoted too much of my time and thoughts in this little tour to fly-fishing.

Gentle Reader, I must plead guilty to a passionate attachment to this sport; but, as I shall not have occasion to trespass on your patience with any further such descriptions, I would fain, before parting with the subject, bespeak your indulgence in favour of an humble pursuit, to which I owe many a happy hour.

The passion for sport — that is, for destroying the wild denizens of earth, air, and water — is seen alike in the most savage and the

most civilized people. It was doubtless originally implanted in Man, as necessary for his defence and subsistence; but has remained, as a source of gratification, like many other instincts, when the necessity for their exertion has ceased. Much of the pleasure experienced by civilized men, in various kinds of sport, must, I conceive, be attributed to this original instinct; as even the sportsman himself is quite at a loss to explain whence most of his delight arises. He only deeply feels its existence, but is ignorant of its source, and, indeed, of the very moment of its actual enjoyment.

In addition, however, to this general defence of sporting, I must claim some peculiar advantages for "the Gentle Art." Fly-fishing — (for of such only do I speak, and thus escape Johnson's Cockney censure:

> "Around my steel no tortured worm shall twine,
> Nor blood of living insect stain my line;
> Let me, less cruel, cast the feathered hook,
> With pliant rod, across the pebbled brook;
> Silent, along the mazy margin stray,
> And, with the fur-wrought fly, deceive the prey!")

fly-fishing, besides the apparent end and aim of inveigling a few poor fish, possesses many collateral sources of interest, not unmixed with philosophical research and moral contemplation, which have, no doubt, been partly the cause why it has not unfrequently been the favourite pursuit of philosophers, like Davy, or of moralists and divines, like Paley.

This mode of angling requires considerable skill and practice: the tackle employed is of the neatest and finest description. Great tact and experience are necessary to suit the flies to the character of the fish, the stream, the season, the day: and next, no small manual dexterity to throw them lightly across the stream to the very spot you want, and keep them moving naturally on or near the surface of the water. This exercise of judgment and skill is as necessarily gratifying in this as in all other pursuits.

The young heart beats with nervous rapture, as, on some breezy morn, the frequent trout

are seen quick springing at the joyous flies that the vernal warmth has just sent forth:

> "Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
> His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught!"

Unnumbered lesser victims call for but little skill or triumph. But, observed you not that quiet yet extended circle, which marks where a somewhat larger fish has just now sucked down a struggling May-fly? The fair but false imitation falls, light as thistle-down, a foot above the spot where, beneath the overhanging alders of the further bank, he waits his prey, in the eddying curl. A moment after, the sudden plunge shows his eager rise; and the ready hand has already "fixed, with gentle twitch," the barbed hook.

Indignant of the guile, he flies, with lightning speed, athwart the rapid flood; but the fatal steel remains firm fixed; and the lengthening line, following his devious course, and yielding to his angry plunges, foils his strength; until, at last, exhausted and unresisting, he is

drawn upon the shelving bank, a thing of beauty, resplendent with crimson spots and golden scales. Or, as a Poet and an Angler has much better expressed it: —

> "Cast on the bank, he dies with gasping pains,
> And trickling blood his silver mail distains!"

But much greater is the triumph when, in Tweed's broad flood, or in Erne's more rapid streams, just as the late flooded waters are resuming their native hue, and the retiring south-west winds are yet driving clouds across the dark sky, the salmon-fisher seeks a nobler victim. No light wand, fitted for lady's grasp — no "floating line, snatched from the hoary steed" — beseem now his enterprise: but tackle, whose strength may mock the vigour of the most powerful, while its fineness must elude the suspicion of the most cautious, habitant of our rivers. The stream, the pool, is tried without success; yet still the angler, with patient skill, pursues his pleasing toil.

Surely *there,* where the curling water denotes the latent rock, in the very throat of the rushing current — surely, beneath that ledge, the monarch of rivers must be resting! The fly, bright with the plumes of Ind, has reached his lair! that instant the parted water shows his dark blue back and silvery sides! He has darted down on the tempting deceit, with eager mouth! A single moment — a moment of breathless and palpitating suspense — a single moment is given him ere the barb of death is struck, with nice yet firm hand, into his closing jaws.

"You have missed him!" — No! the whirring wheel tells that he "darts along, deep struck;" and the reverted rod, bent double, proclaims no puny yearling of this spring, but an ancient frequenter of the pure stream.

What a noble fellow! how vigorously he plunges! how swiftly he runs out the yielding line!

Now, for the ready eye, hand, foot; to observe, to follow, to curb, his course.

> "With yielding hand,
> That feels him still, yet to his furious course
> Gives way, you, now retiring, following now,
> Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage."

Beware those trees, those weeds, those shallows — but, most of all, those sharp-edged rocks, for which he struggles so obstinately!

He is turned — wheel quick the slackening line—bear on him boldly—nor let him recruit, by rest, his failing strength!

Again and again he is brought-to with less resistance; again and again he rushes forth, but with ever lessening vigour, until at length his silvery breadth floats, resistless, on the still waters of the pool below. Slowly he is drawn near the unencumbered bank — the landing-gaff is raised — but sudden he again darts off, to be again more cautiously lured to the fatal ambush; his head is gently raised above the water, and the unerring steel has

pierced his broad sides: while, as the ponderous victim is cast on the verdant sward, a shout of triumph bursts from the heart and mouth of the circling spectators, like that which startled the flying foe, when the fight was won at Waterloo!

Such are some of the delights of fly-fishing, which the great Lexicographer, who thought there was no view in nature equal to that of Fleet Street, nor any earthly pleasure superior to the delight of being rapidly whirled along in a postchaise, could not appreciate; but which have, nevertheless, beguiled the hours and amused the minds of a Walton, a Paley, a Davy, a Wollaston.

> "Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
> The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
> Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
> Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined!"

But, besides these direct enjoyments of the Gentle Art, it has, as I have remarked, many peculiar collateral advantages connected with its pursuit.

The genus salmo only frequent mountain lakes, or pure streams, which usually flow through mountain countries, or at least simple rock formations, avoiding all alluvial or diluvial contaminations. The pursuit of them, therefore, almost necessarily leads the angler into the most picturesque scenery, where the glories of Nature and the wonders of Nature's God are not only laid open to him, but forced upon his contemplation. Be he a mineralogist, a botanist, or an entomologist — he will have ample opportunity to combine his favourite study with his favourite amusement. Or, be he nothing more than an ignorant admirer of Nature, he cannot avoid observing much of her wonderful processes around him: and who can observe them without admiring and enjoying, although he understand them not!

The art he cultivates makes him necessarily attentive to the habits of insects and their wondrous transformations; while the streams he loves conduct him to the very penetralia

whence botany and mineralogy seek their more hidden treasures.

Wherever murmuring brook or mountain lake fertilize and glorify the scene, *there* is the angler to enjoy each breeze that wafts health and perfume from the hill-side, and to commune with his Almighty Creator, through His sublimest works. There is not a beam of sunshine, or a flitting cloud, that sweeps across the broad bosom of the lake, but he marks their lights and shadows, awakening fresh beauties in their course. There is not a flower that drinks the moisture of the dripping rock — not an insect, or a bird, that seeks the coolness and retirement of the watery glade, but he is there, to admire their loveliness and adore their Author.

Nor must I omit to mention what I have ever found a great source of interest on my piscatorial exertions, especially into the wilder districts; I mean the insight thus given me into great varieties of human character, in

their most primitive and unsophisticated condition. The best fishing is usually to be had in the most sequestered regions, while the sportsman and his attendants are of necessity so much thrown together, that their mutual characters, and thoughts, and feelings, cannot fail to be greatly developed.

This wildness of the scenes of his amusement not only leads the mind up to Nature's God, by the abstraction from all traces of man and his works; but also, from the sense of daily exposure to accidents and dangers, impresses a more abiding feeling of a superintending Providence, which is as consolatory as it is beneficial to the human heart.

> "Presentiorem conspicimus Deum,
> Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
> Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
> Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem!"

Is it, then, extraordinary that, with such direct and collateral sources of enjoyment, fly-fishing should possess charms for minds,

a few degrees removed above that intellectual fatuity, with which alone Johnson thought it could be allied!

At all events, if it be a crime and a disgrace to derive pleasure from such pursuits, "I am, I fear, the most offending man alive." And, as long as health and other occupations permit me, I trust I shall yet be allowed to frequent the blue lake and winding river, which have gladdened many an hour of my boyhood and my manhood!

Let those who cannot feel these joys contemn them as they will! How often, while watching the play of my fly upon the rippling wave — or while musing, in my closet, on by-gone scenes of piscatorial triumph — how often has the eloquent burst of the Roman poet come to my heart and to my lips: — "*Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius!*"

"Still let me wander where my Boyhood strayed,
By the cool streamlet or the mountain lake:
Still let me, Nature's chartered Libertine,
Roam as I list throughout her free domain,
Culling the stores of Earth, Air, Wood, and Wave!

What though the Pomp of Cities be not here,
The gorgeous Equipage, the crowded Feast:
Yet joys are ours, dear to the unspoiled heart,
Such as how few in cities ever know!
The buoyant health of body and of mind—
The untired spirit's elasticity—
The treasured memory of guiltless joys—
The present peace—the hope beyond the tomb—
These, these are our's, "under the greenwood tree!"
Say what, ye great ones, can *ye* name with these?

But my pen at least, if not my heart, must return to "cities and the haunts of men."

I left Killarney at nine o'clock, September 17th, by the Cork mail, accompanied by the kindly words and, I trust, the kindly feelings of all with whom I had mixed for the last three weeks. This general expression of kindness so softened my heart, as to disarm a project which I had maliciously formed, of having my revenge, at my departure, for some at least of the annoyance that the beggars had given me during my sojourn. I had intended to give a piece of silver to a woman, whom I had singled out as the worst and most clamorous of the tribe, with the

injunction to her, before the rest, to divide it equally among them all, being well assured that such division, under her auspices, would have occasioned a sufficient quantum of squabbling and fighting to indemnify me for much of the plague they had caused me. However, as I have said, my heart was too much softened to harbour malice even against the beggars of Killarney, and I therefore gave my parting guerdon to the "King of the Beggars," who, they all said, and I had reason to believe, would distribute it fairly.

And thus I bade adieu, not for ever, I trust, to Killarney.

CHAPTER IX.

Road from Killarney to Cork — Description of Cork — Its Environs—Cove of Cork—First-rate Man-of-War—Fermoy —Lismore — Beauty of Situation and Neighbourhood — The Castle — Cathedral — Strankally.

THERE are two rival coaches, from the two rival inns at Killarney, to Cork. Finn's takes by far the finest route to Macromp, while Hegarty's passes through the most beautiful country from Macromp to Cork. I discovered, when too late, that I could and ought to have gone by the former for the first half of my journey, and have taken the other for the latter half.

There was very little to interest before reaching Macromp; the country wearing, in general, a wild barren aspect. Ma*croom*, as

it is pronounced, is a tolerably sized town, with considerable symptoms of business and affluence, but without any features sufficiently marked for description.

From this point the landscape assumes quite a new character. No more barren rock incapable of cultivation, but gently rounded hills, covered with artificial grasses, and seemingly very well farmed. Through scenery of this pleasing description we came upon the River Lee, whose course we, more or less, followed for the remainder of our journey. The banks of the Lee are often very picturesque, and, if I was in any degree disappointed with their charms, I can only attribute it to having heard them somewhat overpraised.

Near Ballincollig, we crossed this stream by a curious old bridge, close below which are, I believe, the most extensive manufactories of gunpowder in the world, although now, happily, in a state of inactivity. Long may they continue so! The buildings are scattered about

in detached groups, and altogether occupy an immense area, surrounded by a lofty wall.

From this to Cork, a distance of five or six miles, the scenery of the River is very beautiful, and the gradual development of the city extremely striking. The opposite, or left bank, in particular, is high and steep, and is adorned with a succession of handsome residences, surrounded by fine hanging woods, which continue almost uninterruptedly to the populous suburb called Sunday's Well, so celebrated for the purity of its air. We rapidly drove through the outskirts of the City, passing by the Mall, a *triste* looking promenade; the Bishop's modest Palace; and the neat and appropriate new Gaol, the interior of which is quoted as a model of prison discipline. This is an approach worthy of a great city, and yet is by no means the finest of which Cork has to boast.

I stopped, where the coach stopped, at Lloyd's Hotel, which I can recommend, as

being both comfortable and reasonable, although I understood the Imperial to be unquestionably the head inn. I immediately proceeded to take a general view of this, the second city and the first port in Ireland, and was very much pleased to perceive a considerable number of ships in the river, and a very business-like bustle on the quays. The shops appeared numerous and handsome, many of the streets wide and well built, and crowded with passengers in pursuit of business or pleasure.

It was, however, on the following day that I made a completer survey of the town and its environs. For this purpose, I crossed St. Patrick's Bridge, and mounted a very steep ascent to the spacious barracks, which are capable of containing four regiments, and are built on a lofty eminence that commands the whole city. I thence kept along the high ridge, which forms the eastern bank of the river for more than two miles; and was extremely gratified by the views it afforded. The whole

of this line of hill is embellished with villas of various appearance and pretensions; but all more or less pretty. The walls which surrounded their petty demesnes were my only subject of complaint, inasmuch as they so often shut out the prospects I sought. I descended behind Mr. O'Callaghan's elegant residence, and returned to the city by the great Glanmire road.

I next perambulated every part of the town, and examined the quays, the port, the public buildings. The quays are very handsomely built, and each year sees them extended and improved. The present public buildings are respectable and appropriate, but those in progress will much exceed them. There is a Court-house now building, which will be a great ornament to the town; and the Catholics are erecting a chapel in the Gothic style, that promises to be exceedingly beautiful. The St. George Steam Packet Company have lately built a very neat office on the lower quay, from

which the packets constantly starting to London, Bristol, and Liverpool, cause a considerable degree of animation. Many other public and private works are also in hand; and altogether this city presents an appearance of commercial activity, of bustle, and of business, that, to one interested in the prosperity of the country, it is gratifying to observe.

Cork is, I certainly should say, the Liverpool of Ireland, but Cove is its real harbour. Therefore, finding there were steam-packets daily plying between the two places, I embraced the opportunity of visiting this celebrated Haven. The distance is about eight miles by water, and I know of scarcely any eight miles that display such beautiful and interesting river scenery.

The eastern bank, (along which I had rambled the day before) is lofty and covered with ornamental villas from the city almost to Cove of Cork. The opposite shore is lower, but is equally adorned with gentlemen's seats, of

different characters and architecture. These elegant villas have a most enchanting effect from the water: and above all was I gratified at seeing such evident tokens of a numerous and affluent resident gentry.

About two miles from the city, on the western shore, stands the Castle of Blackrock, lately rebuilt in good taste by the Corporation; who also occasionally convene there for the purposes, no doubt, of sage municipal deliberation. Below this point, the river widens very considerably; till again it becomes contracted by the projecting cliffs of Great or Cove Island.

We passed rapidly along the latter's western shores; and then, rounding a point, suddenly came in full view of the famous Cove of Cork; universally allowed to be one of the most spacious, most commodious, and safest harbours, in the known world. There is ample verge and room for all the navies of Europe; with excellent anchorage and perfect security from every wind, except very violent south-

westers. It is a most convenient point for the rendezvous of a large fleet in time of war; and is close to a well supplied town. Its natural beauty is moreover very great: in its outline it exhibits much elegance; and it is surrounded by a pleasing range of undulating hills, whose base is studded with villas; while over its placid surface are scattered islands crowned with forts or extensive government stores.

The interest of this magnificent scene was much increased on the day I saw it by several circumstances. The weather was most delicious; and it fortunately happened to be the gala day of the Cork Yacht Club, whose smart trimmed vessels were cruising about in all directions. But, above all, there lay at anchor in the harbour three of our finest men-of-war, including the Caledonia of one hundred and twenty guns. The steamer stopped opposite to the small town of Cove, which is built on the steep southern shore of Great Island: but, as I intended returning to Cork the same

evening, I did not land, but immediately engaged a small boat to take me to the ships and wherever else I wished, for three or four hours.

I first rowed round the Revenge and the Romilly; enjoying some most excellent music, coming alternately from the deck of the former, and from the fine yacht belonging to the Marquess of Thomond, who was cruising round the ships, with a very complete band on board, and, each time he passed, saluted them with a joyous Irish air. I cannot describe the thrilling effect of this rival harmony, as heard upon the water. After enjoying it for some time, I mounted the accommodation ladder of the Caledonia, and received immediate permission to inspect every part of this splendid vessel, with the exception of the *sacred poop*.

I will not attempt a detailed account of what I saw; but will only allude to the general effect. I was, perhaps, less astonished than I otherwise should have been, from having pre-

viously examined the Britannia, a ship of exactly the same class. But no landsman can fail to be greatly impressed at the sight of these wonderful machines; and no Briton can tread their decks without a proud recollection of the maritime glories of the Island Queen.

A ship is, perhaps, the noblest specimen of man's art; and one of this enormous size is, I think, the most striking monument of human power and skill that the earth has yet seen.

To view this immense floating world, resting on the yielding bosom of the waters — its vast dark hulk—its tier above tier of heavy guns — its enormous masts — its gigantic yards, stretching across like other masts — the whole so huge, so ponderous, that one might well imagine no possible force could move it; and yet to know that the lightest wind of heaven will waft the immense mass wheresoever man wills; and that the giant obeys the slightest impulse of the guiding rudder, beneath the hand of a simple mariner! — it is, indeed, a

contemplation pregnant with wonder and admiration!

Nor is the perfection of the details less remarkable than the grandeur of the *coup d'œil.* The accuracy with which each cord is stretched; the care with which the sails and cordage are stowed away; the order, the cleanliness, the regularity, everywhere conspicuous; every possible want foreseen, for peace or war; every thing in its proper place, and ready in the moment it is required — these, and a thousand similar details, are as astonishing, if not so imposing, as the general effect.

The proper war complement of this ship is twelve hundred men: but there were at present only about seven hundred on board, including one hundred and sixty marines, who have a deck to themselves. Each man is allowed one pound of bread and one pound of meat per diem. What must six months' provisions for such a multitude be? The allowance of grog is much less than formerly, and

the use of it greatly superseded by tea and cocoa, which our Tars are said to prefer. Some of the crew were learning the new gun exercise; I thus had an opportunity of witnessing how the guns are loaded, run out, and fired, &c. They now have universally "sights," with a scale of elevation for different distances; and are fired by a lock, with a long string attached to it. Some of them carry a ball sixty-four pounds in weight. I staid above an hour on board, and departed highly gratified with my visit.

I next rowed across the bay to Spike Island, which is fortified, and has considerable barracks, capable of great extension, in case they should be wanted. The masonry of this fort is considered very superior; and some of the stones are of enormous size. My principal object, however, in visiting this island, was to command a view of the whole harbour; for which purpose this is a central and favourable point. It was an extremely interesting scene, both

from the beauty of the bay itself and from the objects on its waters and on its shores. Among the latter, one of the most remarkable was the Marquess of Thomond's seat, Rostellan Castle, with its fine plantations at the eastern end of the Cove. To the south opened before me the noble entrance to this harbour, guarded on either side by a formidable fort.

From Spike Island I rowed by the rocky islet, on which are the immense powder magazines; and, lastly, round the Island called Haulbowline, which is covered with government storehouses, now, however, denuded of their contents. I reached Cove Town just as the packet was starting; and, re-embarking, returned to Cork in about an hour and a half, after a most delightful day's excursion. The scenery appears to even greater advantage in sailing up the river than in descending it; and I really know of no approach to any considerable town in Great Britain equal to that by water from Cove to Cork.

I was detained in Cork by waiting for a letter until the next day; when I took a chaise to Fermoy, intending to reach Lismore the same night. Our road, upon leaving Cork, lay along the eastern bank of the Lea, and through the Vale of Glanmire, which is all very beautiful. Soon after, upon attaining some high land, a dense fog prevented my seeing far; which I had the less reason to regret, as the country seemed uninteresting. Beyond Rathcormack, however, its appearance is much improved, being well cultivated and well inhabited. Fermoy has not much to boast in the way of architecture; but its situation is very picturesque, on the banks of the beautiful Blackwater, a very different stream from its namesake near Kenmare:

> "*Swift* Awniduff, which of the Englishman
> Is called Blackewater."

I cannot say exactly at what point the beauties of this river commence; but I know that, from a few miles at least above Fermoy

down to its mouth at Youghal, it presents a continued succession of the most lovely and romantic scenery imaginable. On a height opposite the town, but connected with it by a fine old bridge, are two extensive barracks; which, from their architectural beauty and commanding position, form an imposing feature of the neighbourhood. Had I arrived earlier in the day, I would certainly have explored the environs of Fermoy, and at any rate have paid a visit to Castle Hyde, which was described to me as a singularly sweet spot.

The lateness of the hour put such an idea out of the question; so, having satisfied my curiosity with what was to be seen in the town, I was desirous to proceed immediately to Lismore. This, however, for some time, seemed scarcely feasible; for, in consequence of a sudden movement of the troops that morning, all the vehicles of every description had been engaged, and it was with the utmost difficulty

that I at length persuaded a good-natured coachmaker to let me have his mare and gig. The mare was above twenty years old; nevertheless, she jogged along pretty well, and in due time brought me safe to Lismore. Here I was glad to find a very tolerable inn, with much better accommodation than I had once thought must be mine for that night at Fermoy; where the only bed-room that I could hear of was to have been shared with a corporal!

During the night and following morning it rained so hard as entirely to annihilate a project I had formed of winding up my fishing for the year, by killing a salmon or two in the Blackwater; the river continued too foul all the time I remained at Lismore for me even to make the attempt. The fishery belongs chiefly to the Duke of Devonshire, from whom it is rented by two gentlemen for seven hundred and fifty pounds a year. The weirs are a short distance above the bridge, and, immediately below them, is a large pool, which is netted

once or twice a week during the season; the tide comes to within about a mile of the bridge. From what I could learn on the spot, there is often very fair salmon-fishing to be had here in favourable weather, but nothing equal to what may be enjoyed in the west; and it seems, moreover, to be too much patronized by the officers from Fermoy.

But it is not alone, or principally, for its salmon-fishery that Lismore is celebrated. It is one of the most picturesquely situated towns in Ireland, and its immediate vicinity displays as charming scenery as can be found in the environs of almost any town in either island. It is built on a considerable height, at a short distance from the river, over which is thrown a single arch of remarkable elevation and beauty. Adjoining this bridge, stands Lismore's famous Castle on a lofty rock, which boldly overhangs the river; and surrounded by a mass of stately timber, whose waving foliage, blending with the mighty towers, produces the most delicious

effect — investing strength with beauty. The more ancient parts of the building are likewise clothed with a profusion of ivy, and the subjacent rock is feathered with shrubs and brushwood down to the water's edge.

This Castle is a very ancient structure, of the time of John; but, having fallen into decay, was restored, about eighteen years ago, in a very chaste, appropriate, and impressive style. It belongs, as also a great part of the surrounding district, to the Duke of Devonshire; whose agent, Colonel Curry, resides in the Castle, and appears to take excellent care of the property.

The reader must understand that the agents employed upon the large properties belonging to absentee landlords in Ireland are a very superior class to the generality of those who are so called in England. From the peculiar circumstances in which these estates are placed, they necessarily exercise most of the rights, and enjoy much of the consideration, of pro-

prietorship. They are usually magistrates, and, being often well connected, in addition to the influence attached to them as the efficient representatives of large landowners and the administrators of extensive properties, possess great weight in their respective neighbourhoods. The salaries are also generally liberal, so that it is no wonder these situations should be frequently filled by gentlemen of the highest respectability.

Not to mention the striking example of this fact, in the very place I am now describing, I will only quote a single instance from the County of Wicklow, where the resident agent of a much respected nobleman is a person of excellent family, long known in St. Stephen's as the representative of one of the first cities in the empire, and universally regarded by those who have the pleasure of his acquaintance as a model of the English country gentleman. Where such agents are selected, the great evil of absenteeism is considerably counteracted;

and those duties of protection, indulgence, example, which a resident proprietor ought to discharge towards his tenantry, are in a great measure supplied.

But to return to the description of Lismore.

On the same side of the river with the Castle stands the Cathedral, the lower part of which is hidden by trees, while high above all rises the modern and elegant stone spire, as if silently pointing towards those brighter worlds, to which the pious services of our Church are meant and calculated to lead the way. It is so extremely elegant, and forms such a very beautiful object from every point of view, that it seems sacrilegious to wish it at all altered. And yet it is hardly in the style of architecture that we are apt to associate with our idea of a Cathedral; and I cannot help thinking that a tower after the fashion of that of Magdalene at Oxford would have been an equal object of beauty in itself, and would also have

harmonized better with its venerable neighbour, the massive Castle. Still it is so very beautiful that one can scarcely wish it otherwise than what it is. No one that has not seen them can imagine with what extraordinary effect these two structures enter into the landscape wherever seen.

Nor is the rest of the picture unworthy of them. The views both up and down the river are uncommonly captivating, presenting, as far as the eye can reach, a succession of swelling hills, covered with luxuriant woods, from out whose hanging covert appear many elegant mansions; while the lower lands, which occupy the foreground, exhibit the most pleasing semblance of native fertility and improved cultivation. Here at least are no outward symptoms of poverty or neglect, notwithstanding so much of the property belongs to an absentee. I promenaded in several directions, and scaled several heights, to obtain the best views, which all repaid me for the trouble. The descriptions

I had heard of the scenery round Lismore had raised my expectations very high; but the reality decidedly surpassed them—it is a most delicious vale.

I afterwards inspected the Castle, which is approached by a long avenue of the small-leaved French elm. At the end of this noble vista is an antique gateway, leading into a spacious court, which, though *not quite* equal to the glories of Warwick Castle, is not without its effect. The interior of the castle contains but little accommodation. There are two or three good rooms, some excellent Gobelin tapestry, and a few tolerable pictures. But what alone makes it worth visiting is the loveliness of the views commanded from the windows, and still better from the roof.

I next walked through the gardens with an intelligent gardener, who, for a wonder, was not a Scotchman. He had a few flowers worth looking at, and, amongst other things,

showed me the real Irish heath, obtained not from Cunnemarra, but from London. He has lately laid out a new flower-garden, in a spot intended for it by Nature, and which in the course of a year or two will be very pretty.

The next day being the sabbath, I attended divine service at the Cathedral. The approach to it is handsome, but the exterior has little except its spire to merit notice. The nave is spacious, but appears scarcely finished. At its western end is a very flattering and feeling inscription, to the memory of the late Dean Scott, who, from all the accounts I heard of him, seems to have been one of those thoroughly good and delightful men so seldom met with in real life. His reward is doubtless with him!

The choir is neat, and even elegant; the congregation was numerous, and of the most respectable appearance and demeanour; the organ bad and badly played; but the service on the whole well performed, although my previously recorded objections to extempore

preaching were any thing but removed by this day's experience.

The afternoon was again so very rainy that I not only saw I must give up all idea of fishing, but was afraid I should be prevented seeing the lower part of the river, which had been described to me as extremely picturesque. However, the next morning appeared beautifully clear, and was succeeded by a remarkably fine autumnal day, of which I gladly availed myself, to pay a promised visit to a gentleman, who has lately erected a splendid mansion on the banks of the Blackwater, about six or seven miles below Lismore.

The prettiest approach is by Cappoquin, but, it being also much the longest, I preferred returning that way. The direct road offered no attraction, until, about three or four miles from Lismore, I came upon the river at a beautiful bend, exactly opposite Mr. Villiers Stuart's demesne of Drumanna. The situation of this place is enchanting: the cliffs on the side of the

river are high and bold, and the broad stream sweeps round their base with the most graceful curve, while luxuriant plantations extend from its banks for miles over the adjoining hills. But the mansion itself by no means corresponds with the natural magnificence that surrounds it. I understood that Mr. Stuart is going to alter it, whereas, he ought to have pulled it down entirely, and built a house more worthy of so picturesque a site.

I soon after came in sight of Strankally, and was much struck by the grandeur of its position and exterior. It stands upon a high bank overhanging the river, of which it commands two very dissimilar yet both very fine views. Looking towards Lismore, is seen a very broad reach of the Blackwater, swelling out like a lake, and closed by the extensive Forest of Drumanna, behind which rises in the distant horizon a noble range of the Knockmeledown Mountains. In the opposite direction, towards Youghal, the river appears much more con-

tracted, its banks more abrupt, and indented by several wooded little bays.

Upon this point, commanding such lovely views, the sight of the House has judiciously been selected, and the architect has in my opinion very happily adapted the character of the building to the features of the scenery. It is in what I should call the castellated Gothic style, and, both in its general elevation and details, evidences great judgment as well as taste. The *tout-ensemble* of the exterior is certainly grand and effective, while the interior seemed to me to combine an unusual degree of the comfortable with the handsome. The capabilities of the adjacent grounds have also been improved with equal taste and liberality; so that altogether, when the place is completed, it will be a distinguished ornament of the country, as well as a striking feature of the river scenery.

I returned in the evening to Lismore by Cappoquin, and was delighted with the beauty

of the whole drive. Cappoquin itself is an indifferently built town, but it is in a most lovely situation, and is encompassed with elegant residences and magnificent woods, that continue all the way to Lismore.

CHAPTER X.

Clogheen—Cave lately discovered near it—Clonmel—Carrick on Suire—Curraghmore—Waterford—New Ross—Enniscorthy—Arklow—Vale of Avoca—General Character of the Wicklow Scenery—Arrival at Dublin and Conclusion of the Tour.

From Lismore my destination was Clonmel; but I had read in the newspapers such wonderful accounts of a cavern lately discovered near Mitchelstown, that I determined to go round by Clogheen in order to visit it. The distance is less than fourteen miles; but, great part of the road being rough and mountainous, it took me above three hours to accomplish it. The night had been very tempestuous, and was succeeded by that alternation of driving storm and brilliant sunshine so frequently productive of the most picturesque effects in a mountain country.

Almost directly after passing the bridge, we entered a lateral glen, cooped in between precipitous cliffs, clothed with wood from their base to their lofty summits. In parts, this valley is so contracted as to leave barely space sufficient for the road and the stream, which the last night's rains had converted into a thundering torrent. I have seldom seen a more romantic defile on the same scale. But, what pleased me the most of all were the views obtained upon looking back towards Lismore. The Bridge, the Cathedral, the Castle, with the adjoining woods, are alone seen from this point; but under the happiest circumstances and combinations possible. How very imposing must be the effect to one who views Lismore for the first time from this side!

The narrow Vale continues for three or four miles: upon emerging from it, the road passes over a wild bleak moor, sweeping gradually down from the Knockmeledown Hills, a shoulder of which we crossed. The descent on the side of

Clogheen was long, steep, and difficult; but a new line is nearly completed, by which the distance will be increased but the declivity considerably diminished.

Clogheen is a poor town, and seemed to have nothing remarkable about it, except two very extensive flour-mills, belonging of course to Quakers. My object being to reach the Caves as expeditiously as I could, I only staid here till I could persuade Mrs. M'Graith to give me a car to take me to them. They are about five Irish miles from Clogheen, and the greater part of the road is tolerable. Almost the only object of interest it presented was Lord Lismore's extensive demesne, round which we coasted for some way; but only from one spot could catch a view of the House, which is a splendid Gothic pile. I stopped at the cottage of a small farmer named Gorman, on whose land the Cave is situated; and, accompanied by him and sundry guides, with torches, &c. immediately proceeded to explore the subterra-

nean wonders, of which so much has been said.

The entrance to the new Cave is near the summit of a low, rounded hill, rising out of an undulating plain, at the foot of the Galtee range. The rock is of the usual limestone formation, in which all the finest caverns in the world are situated. An inferior though extensive cave had long been known to exist, within a quarter of a mile of the present; but it is now little visited, from the superior attractions of its neighbour. The latter was discovered early this summer by a man quarrying lime. The opening, however, did not promise much, and, therefore, after trying it a short way, he gave up the attempt. Gorman himself soon afterwards resolved to explore it with a few enterprising companions; and, after two or three unsuccessful essays, they were rewarded by ascertaining the real interest and importance of the cave.

Since that time very little has been done to

render it at all more accessible, and the interior has not been half examined. The entrance is even now both filthy and difficult. You are obliged to slide down a steep and narrow fissure, between two ledges of slippery rock, for some distance, when you arrive at the top of a perpendicular ladder of about twenty steps. Having accomplished this descent, a hundred yards of level but rough walking conduct, through a vaulted passage, to what is called the "Grand Hall." This is a finely swelling cavern, of ample dimensions, containing a considerable number of stalactites, whose variety and beauty well prepare the visiter for the greater wonders in store for him.

From this Hall several passages branch off, in different directions, to other caves. I followed my guides, for between two and three hours, through what they considered the most interesting of these, and was infinitely gratified by my subterranean ramble. It is much the finest cavern in Great Britain; incom-

parably superior to those in Derbyshire, or Somersetshire, or even to M^c^Alister's Cave, in the Isle of Skye; and is the only one which conveys some faint conception of the magnificent Grotto of Adelsberg, which I believe to be unequalled in the world for extent and beauty. In the grandeur of its halls, the variety of its stalactites, and the perfection of its crystallizations, the Irish Cavern, no doubt, comes infinitely short of its Austrian rival; but it approaches it more nearly, and gives a better idea of it than I had thought it possible for any cave in our islands to do.

It consists, like the Grotto of Adelsberg, of a number of distinct caverns, connected by passages of various width and height. To detail this succession of halls and galleries, with their respective stalactitic decorations, would be useless and endless, if it were practicable. These latter differ greatly in their configurations, but the theory of their formation is very simple. This secondary lime-

stone, in which the Austrian, the Derbyshire, and the Irish caves are alike found, abounds universally in subterranean cavities. The water that percolates through the superincumbent mass comes to the roof charged with certain particles of lime. These, following the laws of affinity and crystallization, cling to the kindred limestone of the roof; leaving the water to drop nearly pure on the floor. A continual repetition of this process through many ages produces the long, columnar cones pendent from the roof, which are called "Stalactites," while the more bulky and irregular mass, formed by the particles which collect below, has received the name of "Stalagmite."

These interesting processes may be observed in almost every one of their stages in this remarkable Cavern. Sometimes the stalactite is very short and thin; at other times it has concreted to an immense length and thickness, the largest that I here saw being fifteen

feet in length, and about thirty-two feet in circumference. The stalagmites also present a similar diversity of form and size. Very often they seem to resemble an enormous cauliflower, or the top of a *jet d'eau*, or not unfrequently appear to Fancy's eye as it were a rushing torrent, suddenly fixed in eternal stone. But, besides these more usual shapes, the crystallizations occasionally form within winding crevices of the roof, and, gradually increasing, hang down in waving folds that perfectly imitate drapery.

Nor is this variety perceptible only in the shapes of these concretions. They all, whether stalagmite or stalactite, differ almost equally in their colours, according to the purity of the lime, or the admixture of foreign substances, some being of brilliant whiteness, others of salmon, pink, or brown tints.

I was for some time much puzzled by observing, particularly in the lower parts of the Cave, an infinite number of slender cylin-

ders, from an inch to a foot in length, hanging like icicles from the roof. Upon examination they proved to be hollow tubes of the purest lime, and nearly of the size and thickness of a goose-quill. They were evidently the nucleus round which the stalactite forms; but I could not at first satisfy myself why they should be universally hollow, and of unvarying diameter, in all parts of the Cave. I imagine, however, the reason to be this:—the drops of water which collect on the roof are naturally much of the same size, before they are forced by their own weight to fall. They do not, however, fall immediately, and, in the mean time, the particles of lime with which each drop is charged crystallize round its *rim*, if I may so term it. By this means, in process of time, a more or less regular tube is formed, of necessarily invariable proportions; and round this nucleus constant accessions of lime collecting, produce a stalactite which, if examined, will always be

found to contain a quill-like tube in its centre.

It is seldom that this Cavern swells out into very lofty or vast halls; in fact, the first I mentioned is almost the only one that can be called such. In general, it consists of a succession of irregular chambers and vaults, connected by narrow passages. To most of these my guides applied names that had been given them, not always very happily, by the comparatively few strangers who have as yet visited the Cave.

In all there was something to admire. *Here* it was the immense size, or the delicate forms, of the stalactites — *there* the fanciful configurations of the massive stalagmite. In one spot my attention was drawn to the elegant festoons and transparent hues of the pendent drapery above; in another, to the brilliant reflections and snow-like purity of the crystals wherewith the solid floor was occasionally inlaid.

The very bizarreries of Nature are always replete with elegance: and in these her subterranean palaces she has ample scope to indulge her most freakish moods. In one hall she seems to have suspended Brobdignagian icicles from the lofty vault, or to have exposed the roots of some petrified forest. *Here* she has reared a sequestered chapel, and built an altar, at which a priest is seen officiating, with an alabaster lamp suspended above his head to light his devotions; or *there* she has spread an ample dinner table, and near it placed various representations of eatables, joints of meat, hams, tongues, bunches of grapes, &c. In another chamber she has turned sculptor, and displays a half-finished statue, while from the adjoining roof depends drapery whose graceful folds Canova would have been proud to hang round the limbs of a Roman senator. And, lastly, at the hall's further end, appears a mighty cataract, as if about to burst forth

and sweep away all these beauteous creations in its resistless flood.

But I will not longer attempt the bootless task of chronicling the thousand resemblances which the imagination may trace in the wondrous crystallizations exposed in this dark Laboratory of Nature. They are endless, and give an unwearied interest to each step through these fairy grottoes.

There is one cave which bears the title of "Kingston Hall," from the nobleman to whom the property belongs, but which would, in my opinion, be much more appropriately named "the Marble Tent." It perfectly resembles a tent, upon a large scale, and struck me as one of the most beautiful objects I saw. Another is called the "Sand Cave," from a quantity of very fine sand being found there, and there only. In answer to my inquiries, I could not learn that any bones of bears or other animals had been discovered. An extensive branch of the lower part of the

Cavern is covered with a coating of fine mud, that seems to show it has been, at no distant period, filled with a stream of water. This part is also traversed by singular fissures, which have never been penetrated. Indeed, there are numberless passages in this extensive Cavern which have not been half explored, and which may very probably lead to subterranean wonders superior to any yet disclosed.

How much I should have enjoyed devoting eight or ten hours to this voyage of discovery, with three or four active fellows, properly equipped!—when I think, through some little experience I have had in expeditions of this kind, it is not unlikely we might have been rewarded by the sight of beauties now lying in primeval darkness, "unrecked of, and unknown." I was, however, obliged to be content with what I had seen during my three hours' ramble through this picturesque Cave, with which I was so highly gratified, that I

should strenuously advise any traveller who passes at all near it on no account to omit paying it a visit.

Returning to Clogheen, I posted to Clonmel, where I was most kindly welcomed by the excellent friends whose hospitality I had before experienced. Here I remained for three or four days, well pleased to be in such agreeable quarters, during the equinoctial gales, which blew with a violence that totally forbade touring, or even stirring, out of doors. As soon as they subsided, I was compelled again to bid adieu to this hospitable mansion; and early on a glorious morning started for Waterford, by way of Carrick-on-Suir.

The whole drive from Clonmel to Carrick is delicious, accompanying the course of the Suir, as it flows through a rich and wide vale, which gently undulates towards the range of Slieve Naman, on the one side; and to the south is bounded by a continuous chain of beautiful hills, clothed with luxuriant wood

to their very summit, and embellished with numerous gentlemen's seats.

Carrick is a town of antique appearance, but little internal beauty. I merely stopped there to procure a fresh car, in which I immediately proceeded to Waterford, passing round by Curraghmore, the Marquess of Waterford's splendid demesne. The landlord assured me that by this route the distance would be nineteen miles; and that, as the road was very mountainous, he could not give me a car under thirteen shillings. I afterwards ascertained that the distance was barely fourteen miles, and the road, though hilly in some parts, was not so bad as many that I have travelled for six-pence a mile. I consider that mine host deceived me, and wilfully too, for which I was sorry, more on his account than my own. I know not his name, but his seemed to be the head inn, and he had over his door Lord Brougham's Motto, "*Pro rege, lege, et grege*"—he might, there-

fore, I think, have treated me with more *equity*.

We crossed the River by a singular old bridge, and then ascended a considerable hill, which afforded a fine prospect over the fertile Vale of the Suir. The country beyond was barren and ugly, giving little idea of the neighbouring magnificence of Curraghmore. I had some difficulty at first in obtaining permission, at the Lodge, to drive through the Park, not having brought the necessary order from the Agent. However, upon giving my name and *not* giving any money, I was allowed to pass on, and received the greatest civility from every one about the place.

The first thing that struck me on entering the Demesne was a large plot of Swedish turnips, with a *watch-box* in the centre! Turnips, alas! are very little cultivated in Ireland, and I have heard farmers assign as the reason, the impossibility of protecting them, except by constant watching. In many

respects, the rights of private property are much invaded in this country, which I think is, in some measure, attributable to the want of fences; but, in the particular case of turnips, I believe this useful root to be peculiarly exposed to depredations from its being as yet considered a garden vegetable, a luxury. If ever turnips become a common crop in the island, they will, I should hope, be at least as safe from theft as corn and potatoes.

The Demesne of Curraghmore is said to comprise nearly five thousand Irish acres, and is therefore one of the most extensive in Great Britain. It is beautifully undulated, and contains hills of no mean elevation within its own bounds, besides noble views of more distant mountains. The surface is covered with a profusion of stately oaks, sometimes collected in imposing masses, at others scattered along the hill-side, in the picturesque groups that Nature has chosen.

A river like the Suir, in short, or a lake like Lough Gilly, seems the only thing wanting to render this Demesne perfect.

The House, however, is by no means worthy of the magnificence which surrounds it. The exterior is nothing more than respectable; and comfort, rather than splendour, appears to have been studied throughout the interior, with the exception of the saloon, dining, and drawing-rooms, which are fitted up in a particularly elegant manner. In the hall are two or three good pictures by Guido, and in what is called the Castle-Room is a very interesting Alto rilievo, cut in wood, of St. Paul preaching at Athens. Still the mansion is not worthy of the Demesne, or of the princely fortune of its owner; and I was glad to hear that the young Lord intends building a more appropriate residence.

He seems to have retired in disgust from the unsatisfactory arena of Irish politics, which, under the guiding hand of Mr. O'Connell

and the Priests, are believed to have occasioned his father's death. I heard this young nobleman universally spoken of in the highest and warmest terms; and I therefore trust that, in better and not far distant days, he will regain that confidence and influence among his neighbours, to which surely a high-minded gentleman and a kind-hearted landlord is more entitled than an alien and mischievous demagogue.

After inspecting the House I walked to the gardens, by the side of an inviting trout-stream, through a lovely valley. This walk is in part shaded by Scotch firs, of extraordinary height, which are, as I learned, of the Swedish variety. The gardens are very extensive, containing ten Irish acres within the walls. I rambled leisurely through them, in company with the very intelligent gardener, Mr. Johnson; and was much interested both by what I saw and by his observations.

I have nowhere seen a garden conducted on so liberal a scale. The hothouses are

filled with all the choicest varieties of grapes, and there are large and numerous succession-houses for pines. Of out-door fruit I was shown a very complete collection of apples, both of the many excellent kinds peculiar to Ireland and of those lately obtained by the Horticultural Society, &c. Among the flowers, I noticed above two hundred specimens of the best and rarest sorts of dahlias, each of them displaying a profusion of prize-flowers. There seems no limit, in point of expense, to this department; and the whole management is left in the uncontrolled hands of Mr. Johnson, who generally has about fifty men and women employed in the gardens and adjoining pleasure-grounds, besides a score of carpenters and glaziers, all equally under his orders. I wonder what his Lordship's grapes cost him per pound!

I was next conducted to the famous shell-house, erected by a former Marchioness, whose statue stands in the centre of the temple, orna-

mented chiefly by her own hands. To those who admire such things, the interior of this grotto must be highly satisfactory, as it is covered all over with an infinity of shells and spars, many of which are of great rarity and beauty. I can at least pronounce the exterior to be most decidedly ugly, and Mr. Johnson is therefore very properly endeavouring to hide it with shrubs and creepers. Round this grotto he has formed a very pretty flower-garden, which he intends connecting with the house by an American garden.

The interest of my walk through these grounds was much increased by the intelligence and information of my companion; and I must say it is not in every great man's establishment that I have observed so much civility and disinterestedness as I met with from every individual with whom I came in contact at Curraghmore. Nothing contributes so effectually to give a favourable impression of the master.

The drive from the House through the Park towards Waterford is extremely pleasing, passing chiefly through a deep valley, clothed with the finest oaks, beneath whose shady glades numerous herds of deer are seen feeding or reposing. Immediately on passing the Park-gate, I came upon the extensive cotton-factory belonging to Mr. Malcomson of Clonmel. It is placed in a most lovely situation, and is one of the very few factories that I have seen, which increases instead of destroying the picturesque effect of the surrounding scenery—an advantage it mainly owes to the power employed being that of water instead of steam. Factories on this scale are so extremely rare in the south of Ireland, that I would strongly recommend any intelligent traveller who may follow my steps so to arrange his movements as to be able to examine at leisure this interesting establishment. I could but admire its exterior, the extent, and apparent appropriateness of the building. The cottages belonging to the work-

people are neatly built and pleasingly arranged along the road.

For a long way beyond this, the Marquess of Waterford's woods deck the line of hills to the right, while to the left is seen the Suir at no great distance, flowing through a low and swampy plain. This part of the road was rather hilly, but we soon came upon the regular Cork road, and were not long in reaching the ancient and considerable City of Waterford. I drove to the Commercial Hotel, which affords as good accommodation I believe as the rest, and which is best in point of situation, being in the widest and handsomest street of Waterford, called the Mall, and close to the quay from which the steam-packets start.

The quays extend a great length, and are broad and well built; but what most gratified me was to see a very considerable number of vessels of various sizes and descriptions lying alongside them. In no Irish port except Cork and Dublin, and perhaps Belfast, have I observed

so much shipping. The trade with Bristol is very extensive, as also with Newfoundland; and the constant intercourse carried on with Milford, &c. by the steam-packets, gives great activity to its commerce.

At the upper end of the town, the river is crossed by a long wooden bridge, which commands a fine view both up and down the stream. The banks are well-defined and adorned by handsome villas. The streets near the river contain many good houses, but some parts of the interior into which I penetrated consist of the dirtiest, most neglected, and most ruinous, lanes I ever beheld.

The day after my arrival, being the sabbath, I attended divine service at the Cathedral. The exterior of this building is not remarkably prepossessing, but the interior is fitted up in a florid Grecian style, that gives it more the appearance of a ball-room than a Protestant Cathedral; while the altar-piece seemed to me copied from some Italian or Viennese Catholic chapel. It is, how-

ever, a very spacious edifice, and was filled by the most numerous congregation I have seen out of Dublin. The organ was bad and badly played; and as I can scarcely speak in more favourable terms of the manner in which the singing or the rest of the service was conducted, I shall say nothing upon the subject.

After its conclusion, I walked in different directions until the evening. Not only the quays but the various roads leading from the town were crowded with pedestrians and equestrians, enjoying the lovely afternoon. Among these I mingled wherever the promenaders or line of hills seemed to promise a favourable opportunity for observation of manners or contemplation of prospect.

The favourite promenade appeared to be a road parallel to the river, leading, I believe, to Duncannon; and it was from some heights overlooking this road that I obtained the most pleasing and extensive views of the city and its environs. The country round Waterford has a

very flourishing look, and the banks of the Suir, which I perfectly commanded unto its junction with the Barrow, are graced by numerous fine seats and plantations, which lend an appearance of great elegance and richness to the sloping hills that confine its stream.

The next morning I left Waterford for New Ross, taking a chaise instead of a car, as I was given to understand that the stage was both long and very bad. In this instance I was not deceived; it is one of the worst roads in Ireland, and the beauty of the landscape was by no means such as to relieve the ennui of crawling over it.

The situation of New Ross is rather pretty, lying on the eastern shore of the River Barrow, over which is thrown a long wooden bridge, similar to that of Waterford. Here I was detained for some time before I could procure a car to Enniscorthy, another wearisome stage of sixteen miles. It was, consequently, so late when I arrived, that I gave up the idea of pro-

ceeding any further that night, and took up my quarters at the only inn, very curiously kept by an eccentric and rich old man.

Enniscorthy is built on both sides of the River Slaney, which is crossed by an ancient stone bridge. The tide just reaches it, and the river above ought to afford good salmon-fishing, if the fish were not so much destroyed by the innumerable nets and Scotch weirs below. After slightly satisfying my curiosity with the few objects of interest that Enniscorthy can boast, I proceeded on my journey in a car to Gorey. This stage is again sixteen miles, but of much better and more level road. About midway is the half-ruined town of Ferns, that was formerly a city of some consequence. A short distance from it stands the Bishop's residence, a rather large square house, enclosed in what G. Robins would call "park-like grounds." They are pretty, and appear to be neatly kept.

The country, as I advanced, displayed increa-

sing symptoms of civilization and cultivation. It was in general flat, but before me rose the lofty ranges of the Wicklow Mountains, rapidly occupying more and more of the horizon. It was not, however, until I had driven through the mean-looking old town of Arklow that any part of the picturesque scenery for which Wicklow is so deservedly famous burst upon me. At Arklow the road turns directly at right angles from the coast up the Vale of Avoca, which needs not the charms of Moore's exquisite poetry to render it one of the sweetest valleys in Great Britain.

I will not attempt any detailed description of the County Wicklow, both because it has been my object in these sketches to confine myself to an account of my adventures in the south and west, and also because my tour through it on this occasion was necessarily very hurried. I had, in a previous year, made a completer survey of all its beauties during the early spring; and I was therefore anxious, before

quitting the country, to take a glance at some of my favourite points, now that they were dressed in the rich hues of the waning year.

The improvement produced by the autumnal tints upon the luxuriant foliage was greater even than I had anticipated. I had now been for more than four months touring through some of the finest scenery in Ireland, and yet the beautiful, the picturesque, the romantic scenes, which the Wicklow Mountains hold within their rocky embrace, struck me with undiminished admiration. I do not, of course, mean to compare them with Killarney, or Glengarriffe, or Lough Gilly; neither have they the magnificence of some portions of Cunnemarra.

But, with all these, and a thousand other glorious scenes fresh in memory, I hold him to be no true lover of Nature, who cannot still find room in his heart for the winding vale, the crystal waters, and splendid woods, of Avoca—the grand and singular Glen of the Downs, or

the still finer and more romantic Devil's Glen. The Seven Churches must excite the interest of every learned or unlearned antiquary; and Luggielaw, though in my opinion, I confess, usually overrated, is in a high degree picturesque and lovely. Powerscourt, as I have always seen it with an abundance of water, is one of the finest cascades in our islands. It may be disappointing *as a waterfall* in dry weather, but at all times the noble amphitheatre of wood and rock by which it is surrounded must excite the warmest admiration, while the stroll along the banks of its stream through the Dargle into Bray will as certainly enchant every genuine admirer of the picturesque and beautiful.

I reached Dublin on October 3^{d}, having been absent twenty-one weeks on my tour. Here I rested for a few days, and paid a much shorter visit than I could have wished to some highly-valued friends in County Louth, after which a prosperous sea voyage and a short land journey brought me rapidly home — "*hic finis Char-*

tæque Viæque"— or, in the beautiful language of one of those very few passages to be found in the ancient poets, which express any genuine feelings of home:

> " O quid solutis est beatius curis!
> Quum mens onus reponit, et peregrino
> Labore fessi, venimus Larem ad nostrum,
> Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto!"

CHAPTER XI.

Concluding Remarks on the present State and future Prospects of Ireland—Irish Scenery and Character—Effects of the Catholic Faith—Feelings of England towards Ireland—Advantages of a Tour through that Country.

I LEFT Ireland with a mixture of those contradictory feelings which, I think, must be impressed on every stranger who makes himself acquainted by personal inspection with this most extraordinary people and country, in which there is so much to admire, and, alas! so much to regret. Amongst these my feelings, however, by far the most prominent were a grateful sense of much, very much kindness, experienced from almost all with whom I had had any intercourse; and a warm recollection of many very happy hours spent in some of Nature's most

favoured scenes; but, above all, a warm interest in the future fate of this most important member of our common country.

And what Briton does not feel this interest deeply seated in his heart? — I firmly believe none!

It has been the habit of persons, unfortunately too influential in Ireland, to impress upon the lower orders that England careth not for Ireland. This misrepresentation may serve their purposes, but I am very sure that it is totally unjust and untrue. There is certainly no sympathy felt for Mr. O'Connell's projects on this side of the water, as they are well seen to be calculated only for his personal aggrandizement, at the price of the eventual ruin of both countries.

But there is a sincere and increasing interest universally felt in England for the fate of Ireland, together with an anxious wish to raise her in every respect to an equal level with her *Sister*, not *Rival*, Island. This sympathy has

been abundantly evidenced both by the great attention to Irish affairs paid by the United Legislature, notwithstanding the thankless manner in which these efforts have too often been received, as also by the generous answer that has been returned to every call upon the charitable feelings of individuals, though it is known that much of former subscriptions had been misapplied.

If this public and private sympathy have not yet produced still greater and happier effects, it is mainly attributable to a single party—indeed, I may almost say, to a single individual. He it is, who, by the continuance of his system of agitation, has led the people into resistance of the Law, and into crimes which have too frequently struck their most zealous defenders dumb, and at least delayed their physical and moral improvement. These crimes, I firmly believe, O'Connell detests, and would if he could prevent. But the spirit of combination and insubordination, which he has en-

couraged among the lowest and most ignorant classes, *for his purposes*, naturally and inevitably led them to commit crimes *for their own objects*. And he must, consequently, be looked upon as their original and responsible cause.

In forming any schemes for the benefit of Ireland, it is evident that first of all this system of agitation must be put down, or capital and employment will not be introduced into the country, neither will the people have any habitual respect for or recourse to the constitutional channels of relief. Next, the authority of the Law must be indisputably established, and confidence in the purity of its administration universally confirmed. In connexion with these valuable objects, the peasantry who are willing to labour must be insured against the possibility of destitution or starvation. And lastly, but principally, before Ireland can really assume and retain her proper rank as a great nation, the religious knowledge of the vast majority of the lower orders must be enlightened and reformed.

These are the main points in which Ireland at present most requires improvement, and I would hope that in all of them considerable advances towards a better state of things have been made.

I have before alluded to what I earnestly trust will be the effects of a legal provision for the poor, which, in some shape or other, must soon be resorted to. I think also, it is perceptible that the authority of the Law is gradually becoming more respected throughout the Island. The appointments to the Bench are very different from what they used to be in former times, and judicial partiality can now perhaps be as little charged against the dispensers of justice in Ireland as in England. The people perceive and feel this, and give the bestevidence of their increasing confidence, by appealing much more than they used to the legal tribunals, instead of executing their own wild notions of law and equity themselves. There is yet ample room for further and much

greater improvement upon this important point; but still the confidence of the lower orders in the administration of the Laws has, I conceive, evidently commenced, notwithstanding the misrepresentations of their leaders, and will, I fervently trust, daily augment: the welfare of Ireland is concerned in this result.

Besides the many other efficient causes of disorders in Ireland, it has always struck me as one powerful reason why disturbances are so difficult to be prevented, that the rural population is scattered over the whole face of the country, in very small hamlets or in detached houses. This not only gives audacity and impunity to the attacks of midnight ruffians, but, by dividing, distracts the attention of the preventive authorities. Were the population more collected into towns and villages, they would be observed and repressed with greater ease by a much smaller body of Police.

The numbers of this latter force that one meets with every where in Ireland are any thing

but pleasing in the eyes of the English tourist. I inquired and heard a great deal about them in every part that I visited, and the accounts I received were almost always in the highest degree satisfactory. In so large a body of men, invested with considerable power, occasional instances of oppression may probably occur; but the Englishman may be well assured that the most is always made of such instances, by those who have no reason to wish for an efficient force to repress and punish crime. They are so often placed in most difficult and trying situations, that the wonder is there should not be more and better-founded accusations against them. They are, in general, a very respectable-looking body of men. In fact, the situation being considered very eligible, there is such competition for every vacancy that the authorities with whom the appointments rest have an almost unlimited opportunity of selection.

While upon this subject, I will also briefly

allude to the practical evils which result from the universal want of fences in Ireland. This at first seems a trifling cause of disturbances, but I believe that the facility it affords for cattle to stray, or to be wilfully driven, upon their neighbour's richer lands, is not only a most fruitful source of quarrels and violence, but also tends to subvert the moral regard for the rights of property.

This absence of fences gives a very naked aspect to much of the interior of the country. How pleasing do the frequent hedges and hedge-row timber make the flat plains of England, even where no proprietor's grounds enter into the landscape! But, such is not the case in Ireland, where the wide fields are divided by walls made of earth or stone, with very little timber, except round an occasional gentleman's residence, and not always then. The consequence is that, although Ireland can boast some as fine scenery as any in the British Isles, a very large portion of it is

as destitute of beauty as can well be conceived.

Then, alas! the cottages, instead of being an ornament to the view, are a positive disfigurement, and, until the eye becomes familiarized with the dress and appearance of their inhabitants, they also are too often calculated to spoil the effect of the most lovely prospect. I am well aware that happiness is in a great degree comparative, and that we ought not to estimate the condition of the Irish peasants by our ideas of comfort. The wife who has been accustomed to go bare-legged all her life may be very happy without shoes or stockings; and the husband, who has been taught from his youth to think himself very well off if he can only have plenty of potatoes and buttermilk, with an occasional slice of his own pig, and a drop of whisky, whenever he can command the requisite money or credit — such persons may be sufficiently comfortable in their own ideas: but still, that they can so consider

themselves implies a certain want of self-respect.

I must again repeat there are evident symptoms of improvement in all these points; and I confidently trust that, as education and information extend among the lower orders, they will feel themselves raised in their own estimation, and desire to have comforts around them, which I also hope their own increasing diligence, and the opportunities of employment to be opened to them, will enable them to possess.

The Irishman is, like every thing in his country, a mixture of the strangest contradictions. He is proverbially acute, but has by no means the best head for logic or for business: he is naturally most good-humoured, yet too often proves quarrelsome and bloodthirsty: he is at times the most laborious, at others the laziest mortal in the world. During part of the year, the Irish peasant is obliged to work hard, and does so; but, when

not so compelled, he prefers sleep or perfect idleness to the slightest exertion, even to mend the roof of his cabin, or his gate, or his cart. All he does is by fits and starts: he has no relish for that steady, regular, every-day labour, by which alone uniform and great results are achieved.

Nothing can be more disgusting to an Englishman than the manner in which labour is usually conducted in Ireland. If the labourers are paid by the day, and not by the job, it is considered necessary for an overseer to stand by them like a slave-driver, to keep them to their work. Without such superintendence, I fear they would remain idle for the greater part of the day, as they seem to have no feeling of pride or conscience to do their duty to their employer.

In making these remarks, I do not by any means deny that many, perhaps most, of the defects observable in the Milesian are to be attributed, in a great measure, to the false

position in which he has been placed, and the ill-treatment of those above him. I only record my impression of the present Irish character, and, at the same time will express my strong hope and belief that, as all abuses that can be removed by legislative interference, either have been, or are, or will be, redressed, as soon as they are convicted of being abuses, the national character will be gradually freed from these blemishes, without losing any of that gallantry, intelligence, kindness, patient endurance, and buoyancy, which now distinguish it.

The great obstacle—as every one knows, that is at all acquainted with Ireland — the great obstacle to all improvement, whether in the moral or physical condition of the people, is the unfortunate predominance of the Roman Catholic Religion among the lower classes. It is this, that more than any other, or than all other, causes put together, has retarded the advancement of Ireland.

I speak not now of Popery in a *religious* but solely in a *political* sense; and, viewing it only in that light, I say, what I am sure no unprejudiced person really aware of the past and present state of Ireland will deny, that its ever-to-be-lamented profession by the great majority of the lower ranks has been, and still is, the principal cause of their ignorance and consequent turbulence, of their estrangement from the rest of the Empire, and of a great proportion of their crimes. The country will never be permanently tranquil, nor will the people rise as high as they ought in the scale of civilization, neither will the great measure of the Union receive its full development, until the Roman religion cease to be the faith of the mass of the population.

And to this result I confidently look forward at no very distant period. Catholicism may continue to be outwardly professed for some time longer; but its most erroneous and most mischievous doctrines will be, in

reality, discarded. The Bible is in the land, and the means of reading and understanding it are daily acquired by the rising generation. To this I trust, under God's blessing, for the gradual and complete extinction of Popery in Ireland. Every one will readily appreciate what an epoch in her political improvement that single circumstance will be, who is at all aware how much its existence now thwarts the best intentions of Government, poisons the intercourse of society, and gives a pernicious bias to every the commonest act.

Then, and it is to be feared not till then, will that great bane of Ireland, party-feeling, and, worst of all, *religious* party-feeling, be banished from the Island. At present it there reigns triumphant; it may not be quite so virulent as formerly; but it still exists to an extent that astonishes, while it afflicts, the English Protestant. Turn where you will, you find this malevolent spirit exerting its noxious influence. It destroys social inter-

course among the upper classes, sets the lower orders at eternal variance with each other, corrupts the administration of justice, and too often defeats the best intentioned efforts of Government and individuals for the melioration of the people. Would that I could say this uncharitable feeling exists only on one side! Alas! I much fear that this same unhappy (may I not add *unchristian?*) spirit appears in the most violent Orangemen almost as much as in the most bigoted Catholics.

But, independently of the mutual estrangement produced by the co-existence of two such opposite religions, it is impossible not to perceive that the Faith of Rome exercises a baneful influence over the physical condition of its professors. It is not necessary to go to Italy, or Spain, or even Switzerland, for a confirmation of this truth. Ireland itself affords a sufficient exemplification of the melancholy fact.

In travelling through the North of Ireland,

where the two religions often inhabit distinct villages, very close to each other, the tourist will frequently be struck by the evident superiority in neatness and cleanliness of one village over the next; and rarely will he be mistaken in guessing the former to be Protestant, the latter Catholic.

Or, to put it upon a broader and clearer basis, look at the North and South of Ireland! In every respect of climate, soil, rivers, ports, population, the latter has greatly the superiority over the former. And yet in Connaught and Munster we find comparatively few manufactures, diabolical outrages against persons and property, endless disturbances, filth, and wretchedness; while in Ulster are to be found extensive manufactures, great comparative tranquillity, freedom from crime, and cleanliness.

What is it that thus neutralizes all the advantages of the South, and turns the balance in favour of the North?

There is one single but all-sufficient cause, that in the one the Protestants much predominate, in the other the lower orders are all Catholics. This is so strong and so clear a case that I cannot conceive how any well-informed Roman Catholic can shut his eyes to this illustration of the practical fruits of his Faith.

I make these remarks, I am sure, with no feeling of religious bigotry; indeed, I do not wish to enter upon the religious part of the subject at all, but only to point out the evil physical effects that Popery has entailed upon the great body of the inferior ranks in Ireland. And I re-assert my conviction that there is little hope of her ever rising to the position she deserves to hold among the nations of the earth, or of being as cordially united to the rest of the Empire as both her own interest and the common good equally require, until the progress of education shall have made the majority of

her sons Protestants, at least in heart, if not in name. Would to God that that time were already come, when not only Irishmen would universally look upon each other as brethren, but all Ireland would unite cordially and unreservedly with the rest of our Common Country!

Selfish agitators have but too successfully availed themselves of this unfortunate difference of religion to inspire a distrust of England in the minds of the lowest Irish. I think, however, that this feeling is fast wearing out. At least, if they feel not yet complete confidence in England generally, or in the British Government, they show a remarkable reliance on the integrity, veracity, and honour of individual Englishmen. They may not always *like* a Saxon; but it is very evident that they at least *respect* him for these and similar qualities, quite as much as their own countrymen.

The more the two people mix together,

the more will they learn to appreciate each others' good qualities, and to look on each other as fellow-subjects and friends. Ireland has, no doubt, in by-gone ages, suffered much from England, and some lingering mistrust was therefore to be expected. But surely, the present generation is not to be charged with their forefathers' oppressions, provided they show every disposition to redress the grievances inflicted by them, and to conciliate and benefit the Sister Island.

And let Ireland be assured that such is the disposition of England and Englishmen, both collectively and individually. Let Ireland be assured that there is not a single Englishman who does not feel a sincere and warm interest in her welfare, and that no one object is more desired by the country at large than to develop her vast resources, remove any evils under which she may labour, and elevate her sons, by the introduction of employment, instruction, and independence.

If such intentions be in any degree frustrated for the present, it is principally occasioned by the selfish opposition and misrepresentations of some of her own sons. I trust that Ireland is daily becoming more and more aware of such injurious machinations, and that she will not much longer suffer herself to be hoodwinked, to suit the purposes of a mischievous Agitator. I trust that the days of his extraordinary and most baneful influence are nearly at a close, and that we shall not much longer see such infatuated submission to interested dictation as has of late years been displayed by a most intelligent but too facile people.

Next to the atrocious crimes which have occasionally disgraced the Southern provinces, nothing has latterly done Ireland so much injury in the judgment of the British Public as the sending to the United Parliament such representatives as have acquired the significant appellation of "The Tail."

To persons who have no better means of judging, a representative stamps, in some measure, the character of what it represents; and, when men of talent, estimation, and property, who have proved themselves Ireland's public and private friends, as Legislators, and as Landlords, are rejected, in favour of men without abilities, without stake, or weight of any kind in their own country, and whose sole merit is that they will servilely obey Mr. O'Connell's dictation, it is impossible but that the people which elect such repre sentatives must suffer in the opinion of their fellow-citizens. Let us hope that Ireland will never again return such a sample of her sons, or confess such as the members of "The Tail," to represent either her intellect or her character.

It is from a sincere conviction that every trifling acquisition of knowledge respecting the condition and sentiments of each will be for the mutual benefit of both countries, that

I have ventured to submit the result of my observations during the little tour here recorded. I cannot hope to have added much to the general stock of information regarding a country and people so little known, though so near to us and so interesting. But I shall consider myself amply repaid for the trouble I have taken, should I thereby be the means of inducing any of our many travellers, instead of spending their summer in France, to visit this portion of our own Empire, so well worth examining.

Every such intelligent tourist will not only impart a juster idea of the English character and feeling towards Ireland among those with whom he will mix in the course of his tour, but will also himself acquire a more accurate knowledge of the evils, the wants, the condition, of his Irish fellow-countrymen, and be enabled to communicate such correcter information within the little circle, which even

the humblest individuals have formed around them.

And I think I may venture to assure any who may be thus tempted to visit the wild districts I have essayed to describe, that they will derive great amusement and satisfaction from the tour. They will see much beautiful scenery, and will increase their acquaintance with a part of the Empire to which all eyes are turned, as the chief object of domestic interest. They will experience among the upper ranks a kindness and warmth of manner and treatment which, united, as they often are, with intelligence and wit, render the intercourse of society in Ireland highly delightful; while among the lower orders they will meet with a richness of character, acuteness of intellect and observation, a readiness to oblige, and a fund of good humour, such as make the Milesian the pleasantest companion of a picturesque or sporting tour that I have ever encountered.

As for the fancied perils of such an expedition, there are none *for a stranger* in any part of Ireland. The country is, moreover, cheap, and if the accommodations and fare be not equal to the interior of England, they are at least superior to what are found in the Highlands of Scotland, and quite as good as any tourist ought to require.

Reader! if you wish to indulge the best feelings of your heart, in eliciting and repaying good-will—if you wish to enjoy romantic scenery, or to study peculiar and most interesting manners — and particularly, if you are fond of fly-fishing — go to Ireland! Take with you only a mind free from prejudice or party-spirit, and a soul capable of appreciating Nature and Men; open your eyes to the scenes of loveliness that will greet you, and your heart to the kindness and goodness you will experience, and I doubt not that you will be highly gratified.

And thus, Erin, I bid thee farewell! —

Whether or not I be again permitted to wander amid thy Mountain Solitudes, or float over thine azure Lakes, the happy hours I have passed by thy streams and green fields will never fade from my memory; neither will the deep interest I feel in thy future welfare ever cease in my heart.

I subjoin an accurate List of the number of Fish I killed each day during my Tour, the place and the time where and when I caught them, together with the total weight. The *individual* weight of the heaviest Fish I have in general specified in the course of this little Work.

DATE.	PLACE.	NUMBER.	WEIGHT. lbs.	oz.
May 13	Marlfield Pond	1 Trout		5
14	River Anna	9 Ditto	2	10
17	Marlfield Pond	7 Ditto	4	4
18	Anna & Glashaughlin	8 Ditto	1	7
21	Marlfield Pond	10 Ditto	6	12
27	River Shannon	8 Ditto	1	0
28	Lough Derg	18 Pike & Perch	32	0
29	Ditto	13 Ditto, Ditto	15	0
30	Ditto	11 Pike	18	0
June 3 & 4	Rossroe Lake	2 Trout		4
6	Inchiquin Lake	6 Ditto	4	8
7	Ditto	2 Ditto	1	8
8	Ditto	5 Ditto	3	8
10	Lough Tadan	1 Ditto	1	9
11	Inchiquin River	2 Ditto	1	12
12	Inchiquin Lake	6 Ditto	6	6
17	Costello River	35 White Trout	56	0
18	Ditto	27 Do. & 2 Salmon	50	0
20	Ditto	3 White Trout	2	0

DATE.	PLACE.	NUMBER.	WEIGHT. lbs.	oz.
July 2	Ballyshannon	3 Salmon	59	0
3	Ditto	3 Ditto	26	0
5	Ballina	4 Ditto	18	0
6	Ditto	9 Ditto	30	0
11	Delphi	2 White Trout	2	8
13	Kylemore Lake	4 Ditto	5	8
15	Derryinver	1 Ditto	0	10
17	Ballinahinch	1 Salmon	8	8
18	Ditto	2 White Trout	1	0
19	Ditto	4 Salmon	26	8
20	Ditto	2 Ditto	13	0
22	Lough Luggen	76 White Trout	54	0
23	Lough Screeb	6 Do. & 2 Salmon	20	0
24	Ditto	11 White Trout	16	8
Aug. 15	Killarney Lake	1 Salmon	4	6
17	Ditto	1 Ditto	6	2
24	Lough Kittane	5 Brown Trout	1	8
28	Killarney	1 Salmon	4	4
31	Lough&RiverCarragh	10 White Trout	2	2
Sept. 3	Lough Currane	5 Ditto	3	0
4	Ditto	10 Ditto	7	8
5	Ditto	7 Ditto	4	8
9	Lough Brinn	1 Ditto	1	4
10	Blackwater River	29 Ditto	32	0
11	Ditto	3 Ditto	5	0
14	Killarney	2 Salmon	10	0
16	Ditto	1 Ditto	7	4

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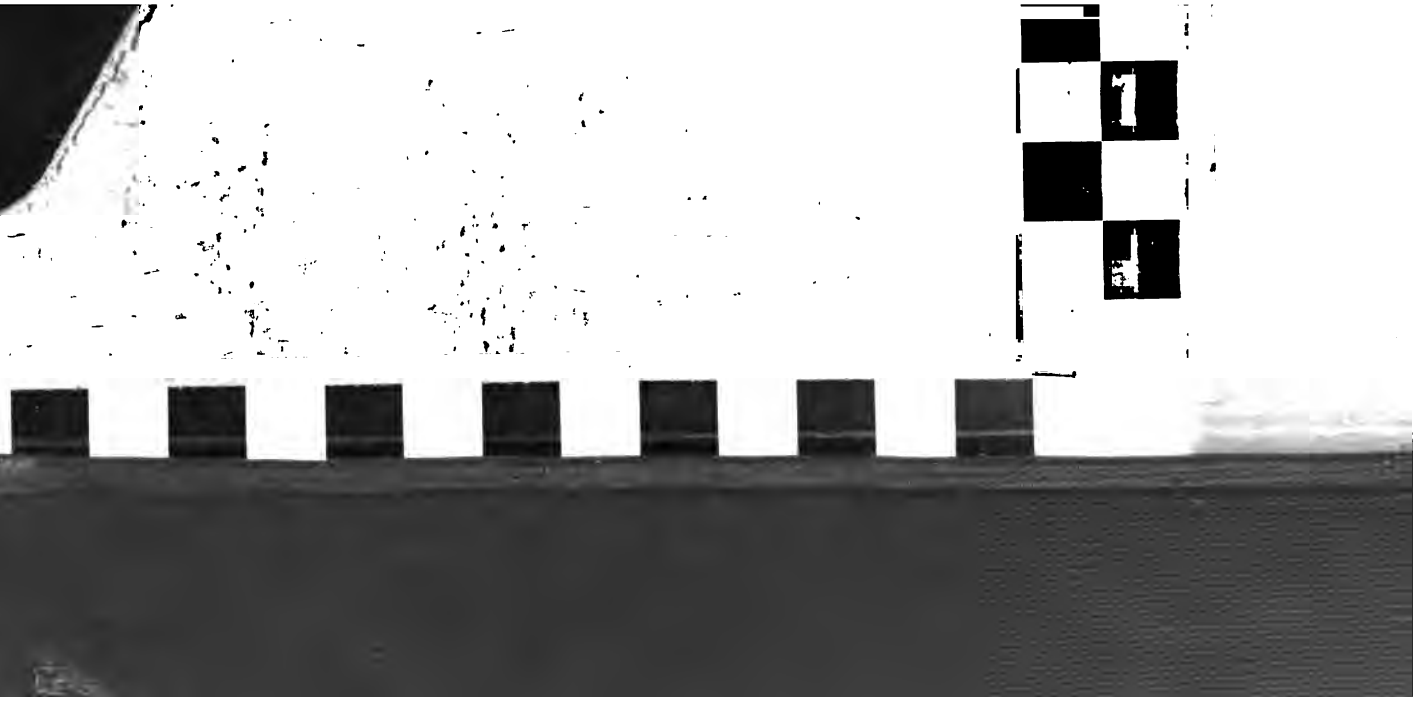
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